McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLIII. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906. | NO 29

KILLED BY CARS AT PT. ALLEGANY

Former Smethport Young Man Killed Monday Evening.

HOWARD SPINNEY, THE VICTIM.

Was Thrown From Train, His Head Striking Against Mile Post, Breaking His Neck—The Particulars of Accident Very Meagre.

Howard Spinney, who formerly lived in this place and was well-known in this vicinity, was killed a short distance above the Port Allegany depot on the Pennsylvania railroad tracks about 7 o'clock Monday evening.

We have been unable to get the full particulars, but as near as we can find out Spinney, who now lives on Skinner creek, attempted to board the evening south bound train after it was in motion. He did not get a good hold and after a struggle lost his grip entirely and was thrown with great force against a mile post, killing him almost instantly.

When he was picked up it was found that his neck was broken and he was badly cut and bruised.

Howard Spinney was about 25 years of age and previous to moving to Skinner creek about two years ago, had spent the greater part of his life in Smethport and vicinity. He was a hard working young man and had many friends who will unite with his sorrowing family in mourning his untimely death.

He is survived by an aged mother, two sisters, Mrs. John Sherwood and Mrs. Raymond and one brother, Robert.

A Lucky Wreck.

Passenger train No. 42, which leaves Kane at 10:10 a. m., was wrecked at Rathburn, a small town ten miles east of St. Marys, on Saturday about noon, by running through an open switch, which was carelessly left open by a freight crew shortly before the wreck.

The train left Kane 19 minutes late, in charge of Conductor Rooney and Engineer Lovett, and at the time of the accident was speeding along at the rate of fifty miles an hour, in order to make connections at Emporium with the Buffalo flyer, making no stops between St. Marys and Emporium.

When the engine struck the switch it immediately turned over on its right side, and was followed by the express and baggage car, which also toppled over, the passenger coaches derailed but remaining right side up.

It was one of the luckiest wrecks that has ever occurred, as no one was seriously injured. Even the engineer and fireman escaped with their lives by mere chance, but were slightly hurt. The fireman was caught in the wreck and was badly scalded about the legs. Engineer Lovett was thrown from the cab in a manner which he can hardly describe, and aside from being bruised a little is none the worse off.

Wreck crews and physicians were immediately called out from Kane, St. Marys and Renovo, and were on the scene in a short time, caring for those who were more or less injured.—Kane Republican.

Dynamiters Released.

Fred Van Sickles and Hector Dundeen of Liberty township, who were arrested and convicted on a charge of using dynamite to kill fish, were released from the county jail on Tuesday, after a hearing on a writ of habeas corpus before Judge Bouton in behalf of Van Sickles.

It was shown at this hearing that no commitment had been issued when these young men were placed in jail and therefore the sheriff had no legal right to hold them. Judge Bouton at the close of the hearing directed Sheriff Mitchell to release Dundeen as well as Van Sickles.

The young men are subject to rearrest and conviction on this charge, but it is understood that as soon as they gained their liberty they left for parts unknown.

A. B. Richmond Dead.

A dispatch from Meadville dated July 18, says: A. B. Richmond, a criminal lawyer of prominence, died at his home in this city to-night. He was 61 years old and retired from practice a few years ago, after being retained in about 5,000 criminal cases, more than 100 of which were homicide cases.

A. B. Richmond was well known throughout this section of Pennsylvania, and had frequently practiced in McKean county courts. He was prominent in Spiritualistic matters and wrote a book on the subject. The deceased was a brilliant attorney and an estimable citizen.

For Sale.

Good building lot opposite depot at Larabee. For further information inquire of H. W. Rush, Smethport, Pa.

Do you want a good lawn swing? We are closing out our line at cost. They are O. K. Price $6.00. Holmes & Gillilan.

Allen Brewer Captured.

Allen Brewer, who escaped from Sheriff Mitchell while being taken to the penitentiary at Allegheny, has been captured and is now serving his sentence in that institution. He was placed under arrest at Detroit, Mich., and Sheriff Mitchell landed him in Allegheny Saturday morning.

On Monday of last week Brewer and three others who were following Ringling Bros.' circus, were arrested as vagrants and suspicious characters, and were sentenced to a term in the workhouse. One of the four told the prison authorities that Brewer was an escaped convict and an investigation followed which led to his capture.

Brewer returned with Sheriff Mitchell without requisition papers and enroute told him this story of his escape: After slipping his handcuffs he hung around Allegheny saloons for about an hour and then caught a freight for Cleveland. A brakeman gave him an old pair of overalls and a dollar. At Cleveland he went to a cheap lodging house and was robbed of everything he had but his hat, shirt and shoes. He got an old coat and pair of trousers and fell in with a gang which follows the circus and was arrested at Detroit as above stated. He said that almost as soon as he made his escape he was sorry and had a notion to come back and give himself up.

Brewer was convicted of rape at the June term of criminal court and was sentenced to six years in the penitentiary. Sheriff Mitchell purposely gave it out that as long as he kept away from McKean county no special effort would be made to recapture him, feeling that it would have a tendency to throw him off his guard. For this statement Sheriff Mitchell was severely criticised by many papers throughout the State. He paid no attention to these criticisms but was quietly making every effort possible to effect his recapture and the result is most pleasing to Mr. Mitchell and the citizens of this county. There are few men who would quietly submit to such criticism even though they knew it to be for the best interests of law and justice.

Great Excitement Prevailed.

There were lively doings near the corner of Water and Mechanic streets that furnished sport for a large crowd shortly after 7 o'clock Tuesday evening. The doings consisted of a lively bout of the "manly art," foot races, wrestling matches, etc., etc.

The first on the program was a short bout between a would-be pugilist and a sixteen-year-old boy, and as is generally the case the aggressor got the worst of it, the boy putting it all over the alleged pug for a minute or two until he got a chance to get away. The pug wanted revenge on the kid but when a man of his size offered to take the boy's part the pug decided he could run better than fight and after throwing a pint bottle at said man he opened the sprint but was soon overtaken and then got handled pretty roughly in an impromptu wrestling match. After the man went away about his business the would-be pugilist's sand returned and it took considerable effort to hold him, but when he broke away he went in the wrong direction to find his adversary.

Officer McCarty appeared on the scene about this time and "one of the best men in the pugilistic line in the country" took for the tall timber. At last reports the friends were unable to induce him to leave the "woods."

Reunion of the Doctors.

About 50 medical men, representing McKean, Cattaraugus and Allegany counties, met at Rock City yesterday and many of the physicians were accompanied by their wives. In addition were a number of notable men of the medical profession from the large cities. The program of the first day's exercises was carried out practically as previously announced. Subjects of special interest were discussed. Last night, Dr. Roswell Park of Buffalo delivered a lecture. A reception and dancing party at Bon Air Hotel, music by Jamison's orchestra was a pleasant feature of the reunion. To-day's proceedings will begin at 9:30 a. m. The affair is reported as very successful in all respects.—Yesterday's Bradford Era.

Pass It Along.

Tell us not that raw cucumbers
Are so awful to digest;
For, though they disturb one's slumbers
We must satisfy our zest.
—Baltimore Sun.

Life is real, life is dandy,
Says a poet we've heard tell on;
But the name-on-each-piece candy
Is the luscious watermelon.
—New York Mail.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate.
Biting, nibbling, grinding, chewing,
Learn to munch and masticate.
—Cleveland News

Life is real? Life is solemn?
I hear you tell yourself, I wis,
"Not for punks who do a column
And draw their pay for stuff like this."
—Grove to Gay, Buffalo News.

The reader who scans this column,
Expecting it has some fun in,
Throws the paper, looks real solemn
And for such as us goes a-gunnin'

Subscribe for the Miner.

CAPT. BARCLAY FOR CONGRESS

He was Nominated on the 10th Ballot —Mr. Dresser's Speech.

An adjourned meeting of the Republican conferees appointed in the 21st congressional district to nominate a candidate to succeed Hon. S. R. Dresser, was held at DuBois last Thursday afternoon at the Commercial Hotel, George Paton of Bradford acting as chairman. Capt. C. F. Barclay of Emporium, Cameron county, was nominated as Republican candidate for Congress.

Fred Gallup of Smethport nominated Hon. S. R. Dresser, but the Bradford man declined to be a candidate. On the 10th ballot Capt. C. F. Barclay was chosen, the McKean, Cameron and Centre county delegates voting for him. Judge Love of Centre county and A. L. Cole of Clearfield were also candidates, but did not have the required following to beat out the man from Cameron.

A notable incident of the conference was the speech delivered by Congressman Dresser, in which he expressed his views on the present political situation in the State and district. He spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen of the 21st congressional district conference:

"It would be a matter of lasting regret to me if the Republicans of this district misunderstood the motives which led me to decline to be a candidate for further service in Congress. Before being honored by a nomination and election to Congress, I was an earnest believer in the fundamental principles of the Republican party. I then believed that it had done more and better service for the welfare of this country than had any other party or combination of parties that ever existed.

"To-day I am a staunch adherent of the Republican party than ever before. I know from actual observation that almost without exception the high officials of our national government, who are Republicans, and the Republican members of the House of Representatives and of the United States Senate, are patriotic and loyal to the interests of the people, and have been, and are ready to strike down any official be he Republican or Democrat, who has wilfully or negligently failed to discharge his public duty. In a word, I believe the Republican party capable of doing its own house-cleaning, and actually does it when and wherever needed.

"For my successor I want a man who can be depended upon to fearlessly discharge official duty. I want a man of sound judgment; a man whose past life and tested character are in themselves sufficient guarantee for faithful public service; and from whom, therefore, the people will not need or care to hear pre-election declarations as to how he will vote on this and on that measure, when in Congress. I wish a man who is true to the principles of our party. I want him to support and uphold Theodore Roosevelt in the grand work he is doing. I believe that this conference will nominate such a man. I have no use for a man who would pose as better than the ideal, straight Republican. I cannot, and I will not, encourage or assist in the election to any national or State office a man who tells us that he can consistently stand, at one and the same time, upon a Republican platform and a Democratic platform. No one can do this. I cannot and will not, then, support my neighbor, Lewis Emery, for the office of governor of Pennsylvania. It would be pleasant to do so as a neighborly act; but Mr. Emery is not a Republican; he is not a Democrat; he is not a Socialist; he is not a Prohibitionist.

"He attempts to spread himself, on hands and feet, upon the edges of the four platforms of these parties, and cannot possibly remain squarely upon all of them. His policy is to tear down and not to build up, and if it should be the misfortune of Pennsylvania to have him for governor, the people would soon regret it. He claims to be against the "bosses," and in this I think him sincere, for in his judgment all are bosses who are not for Emery. Men who have had anything to do with Mr. Emery, either politically or in a business way, know, I believe, that he exacts for himself the right to be absolute boss and supreme dictator. I consider it my duty as a citizen to check his political influence as much as I can, for his attitude, in my opinion, is hostile to the best interests of Pennsylvania and threatens the success of a number of Republican candidates for Congress in this State. I believe further, that his political attitude tends to encourage many Democrats of the Nation in their hopes of electing William Jennings Bryan president in 1908, and I deem it my duty and the duty of every Republican in the State of Pennsylvania, to vote against Mr. Emery for these reasons. Thinking Democrats, unless they are blinded to the real make-up of Mr. Emery, will vote against him. Those Democrats who wish to see their Harrisburg State Platform of June 27th practically sunk out of sight, should vote for him.

"I wish I had the power and eloquence to impress my fellow-citizens with the danger I see ahead of us, if reformers of the Emery type are to get control of our State and National governments. We now have prosperous times. Let us keep them. Let us build stronger than ever before the Republican party. Let it complete the wholesome work being done, and we will have more cause to be proud of our country than ever. As I love my country and desire its moral and material prosperity, I will stick, stand and stay for the straight, unmixed, easily understood and sound principles of the old but progressive Republican party. And I hope the intelligent voters of Pennsylvania, who gave Theodore Roosevelt more than 500,000 plurality, will not desert the good cause at the polls next November."

Queer Happenings in Bolivar.

Thieves entered the ice house on the A. W. Sage farm at the head of Olive street sometime during the night of July 3 and stole all the ice, between five and six tons. Mr. Sage missed the ice the following morning when he went to the building to get a few cakes. The ice was hauled away on wagons. On account of a heavy rain during the night it was impossible to follow the wagon tracks. Just who stole the ice is a mystery. Mr. Sage harvested a crop of about ten tons of ice from his pond on the farm last winter. He had used between four and five tons.

J. A. Cady, shooter for Van Curen Bros. had an experience early Saturday morning that he won't forget right away. He awoke at 2 o'clock to find himself standing knee deep in Bolivar creek, attired only in his night shirt and a puzzled expression.

When he is not shooting oil wells, Mr. Cady makes nitro-glycerine in the Van Curen factory in Kilbury Hollow and was walking to the factory in his sleep, he thinks, when the shock of the cold running water woke him up. He had been dreaming of a flood in the creek and of the difficulty of crossing the stream, and when he woke up suddenly in the water, one hundred rods from his home on First street, he was so surprised that it took him a couple of minutes to get his bearings and decide that the place for him was in his bedroom. He met no one on the way back home and was glad of it. This is Mr. Cady's second experience in sleep walking. About ten years ago he had a similar experience.—Bolivar Breeze.

The State That Makes Things.

In time of war Pennsylvania would be the nation's great arsenal. It is the only state that can turn out a battleship complete, from keel to bridge. Guns, armor and machinery are all produced here, and some of them can be made no where else.

An army of many thousand men is now rolling away at warships in the Delaware yards. At the same time the steel mills in Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Allegheny are rolling the armor and forging the guns for ship and coast defense. This town also turns out a vast quantity of the minor supplies for troops, while League Island fits out half the vessels of Uncle Sam's navy.

The State is a real producer. Others may profit by traffic, they may buy or sell commodities, or they may be the money changers, but Pennsylvania makes things. It is no mere sentimental fancy alone which applies the name Keystone to this majestic Commonwealth.—Philadelphia Press.

A Challenge.

Editor:

Dear Sir:

Please insert in the columns of your most valuable paper the following:

I challenge to meet in a boxing contest to take place here in Smethport on any of the following dates, Aug 1st, 2nd or 3rd, any man in McKean county or vicinity and to weigh in at ringside on eve of contest at 133 pounds. And I also agree to win the battle inside of the limit, which must be 15 rounds, or forfeit all the gate receipts. If match can be pulled off without interference from officials of the town, there is a delegation of 150 to 200 sports who will come up from Olean on a special train and the same will greatly help along the celebration on that day.

Hoping all will be well and thanking you in advance for your space, I am

Yours respectfully,

WM. (BILLY) CARRIG,

Champion featherweight boxer of Western New York. Address all communications to Wright House, Smethport.

In Regard to Feeding Stuffs Law.

The MINER is in receipt of Bulletin No. 145 from the Department of Agriculture at Harrisburg. The publication of this Bulletin is one of the results of the Feeding Stuffs Law, and special care has been taken in its preparation. It contains the results obtained in the examination of feeding stuffs during the year 1905, together with such additional information as circumstances advise. A copy will be sent free to interested parties if application is made to the Department of Agriculture, Harrisburg.

Subscribe for the Miner.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Some days since Tim Mullin, oldest son of Eugene Mullin, Esq., of Bradford, was out gunning in the neighborhood of the head of Bennett Brook and when about to give up the chase and return home in the evening, his attention was called to an unusual noise coming from a clump of bushes, and upon investigation, was somewhat astonished to find that he had discovered a family of four bears that had gone out on a little picnic. Although Tim had not lost any bears that he knew of, he was not disposed to take the back track without declaring himself, and raising his gun sent a charge into their midst. At once the game adjourned their sport and took up their march to safer quarters, but Tim with the true Irish grit loaded his gun and gave chase. Coming up with the animals again he fired, when one of them rose to a point of order, and standing on his hind feet addressed himself to the chair in tones that left no doubt that he was getting annoyed with the course pursued in relation to his family. After giving the intrepid hunter warning that any further interference with his family would not be permitted, and as it was getting dark, a motion to adjourn was concurred in by both houses, and Tim went home to find himself the most famous hunter of the season. 1882.

Wolves have given more trouble in this county this winter than for twenty-five years, so say some of the oldest inhabitants. 1882.

Mr. Morgan Hussey of Keating township, met with a sudden death while walking on the track of the Philadelphia & Erie railroad, near Sterling Run, on Wednesday, Oct. 31, 1883. He was visiting his daughter at that place, and for some purpose started out to walk down the track. He was a very old man, and quite deaf and not hearing the express train which came upon him was killed instantly. Mr. Hussey had been a resident of this county nearly half a century and by hard work and economy had amassed a comfortable property. His funeral will take place here to-day, Friday, from St. Elizabeth's church.

J. D. Fry of Aiken, until Sunday was the happy father of three bright and intelligent children. On that day Mr. Fry was told by his eight-year-old son that there was a woodpecker nest near the place. Picking up a double barrelled shot gun Mr. Fry left the house. He fired off one barrel bringing down the bird. Returning he threw the bird on the floor. The shotgun was placed carelessly in one corner of the room. Mr. Fry owns a pet dog. The animal secured the bird and darted out of the open door with Fry in pursuit. He was brought back by the discharge of the gun. On the threshold a horrible sight met his gaze. The eight-year-old son held in his hands the smoking weapon. Writhing on the floor by his one and a half year old brother in the agonies of death. The eight-year-old had playfully aimed the gun at his brother and pulled the trigger. The charge of shot fired at close range had torn out one side of the babe's chest and abdomen, driving the broken ribs into the lungs, lacerating the liver and exposing the intestines. The child after lingering two hours died. A five year old daughter who stood behind her slaughtered brother received sixteen shot in the calf of her leg. Her injuries are not serious. The boy who is not old enough to realize the enormity of his crime, wept bitterly over the dead body of his baby brother.

Moses-Taylor.—At the Baptist parsonage, Smethport, Pa., Sunday evening, Nov. 4, 1883, by Rev. F. H. Gates, James R. Moses and Mrs. Carrie E. Taylor, both of Smethport.

Tyler-Chatfield.—At the home of the bride's parents, Nov. 7, 1883, by Rev. E. P. Hubbell, Victor S. Tyler and Alice M. Chatfield, both of Farmers Valley.

Wendell-Ray.—At the Wright House, Smethport, Nov. 7, 1883, by Rev. F. H. Gates, Barney D. Wendell and Blanche A. Ray, both of Colegrove.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Armstrong rejoice in the arrival of a son and heir on Tuesday morning, Nov. 13, 1883. Mart says the election returns are now all in —and its a great Republican victory.

Wetenhall-Beckwith.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Nov. 12, 1883, by Rev. E. P. Hubbell, Wm. H. Wetenhall and Miss Dora Beckwith, all of Smethport, Pa.

McClure-Wolters.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Nov. 15, 1883, by Rev. E. P. Hubbell, Samuel McClure and Mrs. Alice Wolters, all of Smethport, Pa.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 14, 1906:

S. P. Averill, Mrs. Lulu Arnett, H. R. Converse (2), James F. Lavery (2).

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

New Naturalization Law.

The new naturalization law passed by Congress will not go into effect until September 27th, ninety days after its enactment. The title of the new law is "an act to establish a bureau of immigration and naturalization and to provide for a uniform rule for the naturalization of aliens throughout the United States."

The law provides that the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization, which is under the direction and control of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, shall furnish all the immigration stations in the United States with books of record. Registry is to be made in these books of each alien arriving in the United States after the passage of the new law of the name, age, occupation, personal description (including height, complexion, color of hair and eyes), the place of birth, the last residence, the intended place of residence in the United States, and the date of arrival of alien, and, if entered through a port, the name of the vessel in which he comes. The commissioners shall grant to such alien a certificate of such registry.

Section 4 of the law says: "That an alien may be admitted to become a citizen of the United States in the following manner and not otherwise:

"He shall declare on oath before the clerk of any court authorized by the act to naturalize aliens, or his authorized deputy, in the district in which such alien resides, two years at least prior to his admission, and after he has reached the age of 18 years that it is bona fide his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty, and, particularly by name to the prince, potentate, state or sovereignty of which the alien may be at the time a citizen or subject. And such declaration shall set forth the name, age, occupation, personal description, place of birth, last foreign residence, and allegiance, the date of arrival, the name of the vessel, if any, in which he came to the United States, and the present place of residence in the United States of said alien.

The Local Paper.

The local paper should be found in every home. No children should grow up ignorant who can be taught to appreciate the home paper. It is said to be the stepping stone of intelligence in all those matters not to be found in books. Give your children a foreign paper which contains not a word about any person, place or thing which they saw or perhaps never heard of, and how could you expect them to be interested.

But let them have the home paper and read of people whom they meet and of places of which they are familiar and soon an interest is awakened which increases with every arrival of the local paper. Thus a habit for reading is formed and those children will read the papers all their lives and become intelligent men and women, a credit to their ancestors, strong in knowledge of the world as it is to-day.—Ex.

What a Scientist Says.

Speaking about air being pumped into gas lines, an authority says: "Natural gas is of such a nature that it cannot be mixed with air and carried. The difference in the density and gravity alone tends to separation, so that while it may by care be mixed within a few inches of the point of combustion, so that it will burn well, it cannot be mixed in a tank or in a pipe line and conveyed any distance without the gas and air being so stratified that its use would be impossible. The talk about pumping air through pipe lines is too absurd to be considered seriously by any intelligent person. The danger incurred by anyone who would undertake it is a sure prevention of it being undertaken."

Killed by Lightning.

William Madison, 18-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Madison of Galeton, was killed by lightning at Lyman Run Monday where he was engaged in peeling bark. To protect themselves from a heavy shower Mr. Madison and a companion went into an improvised bark shanty. The unfortunate young man sat on the ground and his companion used a piece of bark. His companion was rendered unconscious and as he revived he spoke to Mr. Madison, who gasped, and died. Strange to say not a mark could be found on the body of the dead man, while one of the legs of his companion was badly burned. —Potter Democrat.

Excursion to Olean and Riverhurst.

The P., S. & N. R. R. will run a special excursion to Olean and Riverhurst Park Sunday, July 22nd. Fare from Smethport 75cts for round trip, trains leave at 8:12 and 10:03 a. m. For further particulars see small bills, inquire of agents or address Jos. T. Odell, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Marys, Pa., or Chas. H. Hammond, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Olean, N. Y.

For Sale.

A number of fine lots fronting on Main Street, in Smethport. These lots are 4 by 16 rods, nicely located, and will be sold at moderate prices and on easy terms of payment. Also a nice lot on Bank street. T. H. Morrison, Attorney

Subscribe for the MINER.

NATURE'S COURSE

By NORA BRYANT

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

Mrs. Humphrey shelled the peas in silence, waiting for the outburst. She was a meek little woman accustomed to listening to her beautiful, tall daughter and obeying her behests unquestioningly. Alice possessed all the independence of spirit which her mother lacked.

"No, mother," said Alice, seizing viciously on a pea pod and breaking it open, "no, you can't. It just isn't born in you. I've got to do it alone."

"Why, Alice!" exclaimed her mother with hurt inflection.

"Oh, I know it, mother. I'm a horrid cross girl, but I can't help it. Father's gone off again and left us with no wood. This has been going on for three years now. Sometimes he remembers to buy a load, but when he does we have to split it. And in the meantime we have to scratch and scrumble for wood just as if we were as poor as poverty. Just look, we've burned most of the fences till the place looks more ghastly than ever, if possible."

"Alice, Alice," sighed Mrs. Humphrey, "you shouldn't talk so of your father."

Alice's face flushed deeper and she shelled a handful of peas before replying. Then she looked out of the door at the jimson weeds.

"Everything is all wrong, and it's all father's fault. Why shouldn't I marry Bob Phillips? Tell me that? Just because he is a college man and his people live in town father has set himself against him. Now, why does father send me to college if he expects me to settle down to chopping wood and cooking for the rest of my life? No, mother, I'm a sophomore now and I know more than I did once. I am going to marry Bob and father is going to agree to it too."

Alice looked at her mother sternly. "See your hands, blistered and hard. You creep out and chop wood every time I turn my back. Look at my hands." She held up slender fingers. "Nice things to carry back to the college this fall! Now, I'm going out to chop enough to get dinner with." And, pulling a shade hat over her eyes, Alice walked out into the hot harvest sun and picked up the ax.

Straight up to the new brooder house she went and with a neat swing of the ax began battering up the brooder house door. In a few moments the door had disappeared and in its stead on the ground near by lay a neat pile of stove wood. Still not quite satisfied, Alice looked about her. A hayrack lay on the ground waiting for the afternoon trip to the out field. A few firm blows from the broad of the ax, and the side boards showed signs of weakening. Half a dozen clever cuts with the blade, and the boards dropped to the ground. In five minutes the pile of wood by the brooder house was augmented by a pile of heavy sticks, and before Mrs. Humphrey could catch breath to inquire the source a brisk blaze lighted up the front of the old cooking stove.

A little after 12 Mr. Humphrey appeared at the door.

"Mother" — Mrs. Humphrey paused, with a bit of bacon poised on her fork —"mother, can you tell me what has happened to the old hayrack and to the brooder house door?"

Mrs. Humphrey looked at Alice. "Why — why, father, I don't know Alice, do you know?"

Alice poured the steaming peas into a china dish and then glanced at her father. "Well," she said calmly, "you will find part of the door still in the wood box, but the last of the hayrack is just going up the chimney." Then she carried the dish of peas into the dining room and set it carefully down on the table.

Then Mr. Humphrey began: "Alice, if you were not grown up I'd send you to bed for two days."

Alice squared her shoulders, looking into her father's eyes with a... expression strangely like his own. "Father," she said, "you are not fair. You give your men the best sort of implements with which to do their work. You keep the horses and cattle in buildings that are for their greatest comfort, but you expect mother and me to find our own means for doing work that neither of us is strong enough to do and to live in a building that scorches us in summer and freezes us in winter. To say the least, you are not fair."

The great veins swelled in Mr. Humphrey's forehead, and he took a single step toward Alice and then stopped as if controlling himself by a physical effort.

"Alice," he said, "I forbid you to destroy any more of my property. Just how to punish you for what you have already done I don't know. I shall wait until tonight."

That afternoon Alice was left alone, as her mother was called away to see a sick neighbor. For awhile she sat quietly, then suddenly she flushed a little. Far down the road she could see the figure of a man and a horse moving leisurely through the heat. Alice smoothed her hair and glanced down at the dainty whiteness of her gown. Then she waited. Soon the rider turned into the yard, with an eager shout at the sight of Alice. A fine looking young fellow was Bob Phillips in his natty riding togs, sitting his saddle with the ease of a westerner. And a charming figure was Alice in the doorway with the color deepening in her cheeks, her great dark eyes brightening and the dimples coming to the corners of her mouth.

"Oh, Bob," she cried as he dismounted and tied his horse, "I've been wishing for you. Everything is so topsy turvy in this horrid place!"

Bob looked anxious. "Is it your father again?" he asked as he drew her down on the step beside him. Alice told him of her morning's experience. Bob's face darkened.

"Look here, Alice," he exclaimed. "I'm not going to stand this. I knew things were pretty bad, but I never knew you had to do this sort of work." He took her hand, looked at the pretty pink palm with the row of blisters across it. "I'm not going to say any of the things to you that I think about your father. But this is going to stop! This architect business is slow in starting, but I've got enough to keep the pot boiling. I'm on my way out to the Scotts' summer home now. They want me to plan an addition for them. But tonight I'm coming back to tell your father that we are going to be married at once."

Alice shook her head a little fearfully. "No, Bob, dear," she said. "I can't leave mother that way, and I want to finish college first. No; father has got to change. There is no sense in his acting so to such a dear as you."

Bob grinned appreciatively as he drew her to him, but he lost none of his look of determination. "That's all very well, Alice, darling, but I've a few nights, and after supper I'm coming back and read the riot act to your father."

Alice sighed. Then she nodded her head. "Yes, come back. I don't know just how, but some way I'm going to shame father."

"Don't you worry," said Bob. "I'll fix him."

As Bob disappeared Alice's glance wandered toward the broad stump of a tree that stood in the dooryard. As she looked her eyes lighted with a mischievous smile. Then she began her preparations for supper. In a short time she appeared in the yard with two covered dishes in her hands. These she placed on the top of the old stump where the sun blazed down on their shining covers. Then she returned to the house to set the table.

The hay wagon rattled into the yard.

"Well," called Mr. Humphrey, seeing Alice in the door, "isn't supper ready?"

Alice looked anxiously toward the old stump. "I'm afraid things have not begun to boil yet," she answered.

Mr. Humphrey looked at the strange array of utensils on the stump. "Alice," he said, "what nonsense is this?"

"It means just this," answered Alice bravely. "You refuse to buy wood for us, and this noon you forbade me to destroy any more of your property. So when it came time to get supper the stump seemed the hottest place at hand, and I put the vegetables out there to let nature take its course. It is much easier for me."

Mr. Humphrey stood in silence. Alice watched him anxiously. Slowly the angry flush died away, and the corners of his mouth twitched. He turned to the man who had been an interested spectator.

"Jim," he said, "you might as well finish up the old hayrack. Split up enough wood to get supper with." Then he walked into the house with never so small a twinkle in his eyes.

That evening, as Alice and her father sat on the steps waiting for Mrs. Humphrey's return, Mr. Humphrey broke the silence.

"I've been thinking it over, Alice," he said, "and—and—well, I guess father has been negligent of his two girls. You see, I didn't realize how hard some things are for women folks. Now, do you suppose you could plan a—a porch or a—a window or something?" he asked vaguely. "And we'll surprise your mother on her birthday."

For a moment there was silence; then he heard a low sob beside him. He reached out an awkward hand and drew his daughter toward him.

"Why, little girl," he said, "I didn't know it meant so much to you."

Alice nestled against his shoulder. "It means more than a porch," she sobbed; "it means that, after all, you are nice, like other fathers."

Mr. Humphrey cleared his throat. "And I've been thinking, Alice," he went on, "that I've been hard on Bob. A rough old fellow like me gets prejudiced against these college chaps. When you finish school and Bob gets a start — well, you'll find that father wants you to be happy after all."

Indians Are Poor Shots.

During a residence of many years among four different tribes of Indians I found, with very few exceptions, they were poor shots, either with the gun or rifle. When one considers that from young boyhood they have been in the habit of using a gun almost daily and their very living depends in a great measure on accurate shooting, their poor marksmanship is to be wondered at; nevertheless such is the case. A good wing shot is a rarity among the Indians. The Montagnais of the Labrador and north shore of the gulf of St. Lawrence are no exception, and this in a country where most of the wild fowl are killed flying. It is admitted they kill wild geese and ducks while on their passage north and south, but this is only possible from the immense numbers of birds and a lavish expenditure of ammunition.—Forest and Stream.

Goldsmith's Obituary Notice.

It would be difficult to find a more quaint announcement of death than that published in an old newspaper in 1774, at the time of Oliver Goldsmith's demise.

"1774, April 4. Died, Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. Deserted is the Village; the Traveller hath laid him down to rest; the Good-natured Man is no more; he Stoopse but to Conquer; the Vicar hath performed his sad office; it is a mournful task from which the Hermit may easay to meet the dread tyrant with more than Grecian or Roman fortitude."

QUAINT BITS OF NEWS

A PICTURE OF NEW YORK LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Items and Advertisements Culled From the Newspapers of the City From 1730 to 1786—A Strenuous Method of Reforming a Husband.

Publick Notice is hereby given, That Nicholas Bayard of the City of New-York has erected a Refining House for the Refining of all sorts of Sugar and Sugar-Candy, and has procured from Europe an experienced Artist in that Mystery. At which Refining House all persons in City and Country may be supplied by Whole-sale and Re-tale with both double and single Refined Loaf-Sugar, as also Powder and Shop-Sugars, and Sugar-Candy, at Reasonable Rates.—New York Gazette, August, 1730.

New-York, March 20, 1732.—We hear from Hampstead on Long Island, that Last Week the wife of William Umphrys of that Township was brought to Bed of a Dauter, which Child's Grandfather hath a Grandmother yet living; being arrived at that age that she can say—Grandson send me your Grand daughter, that I may have the Pleasure to see of my Issue, one of the Fifth Generation!

Just arrived from Great Britain, and are to be Sold on board the Ship Alice and Elizabeth, Capt. Paine Commander, several likely Welch and English Servant Men, most of them Tradesmen. Whoever inclines to purchase any of them may agree with said Commander, or Mr. Thomas Noble, Merchant, at Mr. Hazard's, in New-York; where also is to be sold several Negro Girls and a Negro Boy, and likewise good Cheshire Cheese.—New York Gazette, September, 1732.

Any person that has a Mind to go Post to Albany this Winter, may apply to the Post Master of New-York on Saturday next, at Ten in the Morning. —November 20, 1732.

New-York, December 27, 1733.—We hear from Rideefield, near the County of Westchester, that one William Drinkwater, Late an Inhabitant there, proveing quarelsome with his neighbours, and abusive to his Wife, the good Women of the Place, took the Matter into Consideration and laid hold of an Opportunity, to get him tied to a Cart, and there with Rods belonging him on his Back, till, in striveing to get away, he pulled one of his Arms out of Joint, and then they mutt'd him. Mr. Drinkwater complained to sundry Magistrates of this usenge, but all he got by it was to be Laughed at; Whereupon he removed to New Milford where we hear he proves a good Neighbor and a loveing husband. A remarkable Reformation arising from the Justice of the good Women.—New-York Weekly Journal, December, 1733.

To be Sold by Peter Lynch, near Mr. Rutger's Brewhouse, very good Orange Butter, it is excellent for Gentlewomen to comb up their Hair with, it also cures Childrens sore Heads.—1784.

To be Shot for. A Lot of Land belonging to Robert Bennett, in Sackett's Street, it contains in breath front and rear 37 feet 6 inches. It is to be Shot for on Easter Mundny, Tuesday, Wednesday, & Thursday, the 7, 8, 9, and 10th of April next, with a single Ball, at 100 yards Distance, at the sign of the Marlborough's Head in the Bowery Lane. Every Person that inclines to shoot for the above-mentioned Lot of Land, is to lay in 5s. before he fires his Piece for every Shot, and whoever makes the best Shot in the four days mentioned, shall receive a good and warrantable Bill of Sale of the aforementioned Lot of Land from Robert Bennett. New York Gazette, Feb. 1735.

New-York, July 21, 1735.—On Wednesday last the first stone of the Platform of the New Battery on Whitehall Rocks was laid by his Excellency our Governour, and it was called George Augustus's Royal Battery. As his Excellency was returning, and the last round was firing, the last piece of the Cannon (being very Honny-Comb'd and eaten almost through, as it afterwards appeared by the Pieces) burst and the Pieces flying different ways, kill'd three Persons, viz.: John Symes Esq., High Sheriff for the City and County of New-York, Miss Courtlandt, only Daughter to the Hon. Col. Courtlandt, a Member of His Majesty's Council in this Province, and a son-in-Law of Alderman Romur. The next day the Coroner's Inquest sate on the Bodies, and bro't in their Verdict Accidental Death; and in the Evening they were decently inter'd.—American Weekly Mercury, July 24, 1735.

Last Saturday Night his Excellency our Governour and Family arrived here in good health from his Government of New Jersey.—August, 1735.

On Wednesday the 21 of January (1735) Instant there will be a Consort of Musick, Vocal and Instrumental for the Benefit of Mr. Pachelbell, the Harpsichord Part performed by himself. The Songs, Violins and German Flutes by private hands. The Consort will begin precisely at 6 o'clock. In the House of Robert Todd, Vinter. Tickets to be had at Coffee-House, and at Mr. Todd's at 4 shillings.

New-York, June 21, 1736.—Whereas, many of our Customers for the Gazette are in arrears for the same, some 3, 4, 5, 6, or 7, years. These are therefore to desire all such as are so in arrears above one year (and no other Account subsisting between us) that they will please to pay in what they are indebted for said Gazette, in order to enable the Publisher to continue the same

THE HUMPBACK WHALE.

Most Desperate and Dangerous of All Marine Monsters.

A "whale factory" is always located in some scantily populated seacoast harbor, for the odors that rise from the chimneys when a whale is being tried out would speedily arouse an urban population to mob violence. The steamer is a stout little craft of 100 tons' burden, capable of making twelve knots an hour, and is strongly built and braced to enable it to withstand a chance blow from the mighty flukes of a maddened leviathan. Usually a single shot from the harpoon gun results in speedy death, but occasionally, when the weapon fails to strike a vital point, the frenzied monster will career wildly about the ocean for hours, dragging the ship, with engines reversed, over the water like a cork.

Most desperate and dangerous of all marine monsters is the humpback whale. When wounded, the humpback will charge the ship and attempt to destroy it, there being a case on record where a small Norwegian whaler was sunk and all hands lost in such an encounter, while another steamer had a narrow escape from a similar fate in Newfoundland waters.

On one occasion an unusually powerful bull blueback, harpooned in a nonvital spot, towed a whaler for twenty-six hours around Placentia bay, doubling back and charging the ship repeatedly and requiring three harpoons to dispatch it. Another time a humpback made a fourteen hour fight against a whaler off Cape Race, the ship's winch being demolished by the furious rues the creature made as it tried to rid itself of the harpoon. A third instance was where a whaler, having shot one "fish" just before sundown, transfixed another soon afterward and spent the whole night in a most perilous fight with his two victims, whose diverse movements frequently threatened to overturn the vessel.

When a whale is harpooned he usually "sounds," or dives downward until he can go no farther. The rope attached to the harpoon is drawn out through the ship's hawse pipe so fast that the chafing causes the woodwork to smoke, and it has to be slushed with sea water at intervals to prevent combustion. The wounded monster next bounds upward and projects himself clear out of the sea, bellowing madly the while and falling back into the brine with a noise resembling thunder. Then he races off curiously over the ocean, towing the ship behind and diving or rising at intervals until exhausted, when the whaler can approach and finish him. A full grown fish, if not vitally hit, can tow the ship for hours and may often require a second shot to give him his quietus. This, however, is more often done by launching a boat with two or three men, who row up to the spent victim and pierce him to the heart with a thrust from a sharp spear, when he sends up a last spout of spray and blood and expires.—Technical World.

Precocious.

They must have some very delightful little girls in England, to judge by the anecdotes about them that creep into the press from time to time. Here is one of a six-year-old which the Gentlewoman recounts with enjoyment: "She was riding with her aunt outside one of the Hastings electric trams. As it was proceeding at a rather good pace down a steep declivity the aunt was obviously a little nervous. The child, observing this, looked up sweetly into her aunt's face and said: 'Are you frightened, auntie? Because you can take hold of my hand if you are!'"

On another occasion this little girl's grandmother had the misfortune to have the leg of the sofa on which she was reclining give way, and, although it was repaired, it gave way a second time. Thereupon a chair sufficiently firm to support the aged and rather infirm woman was bought, a fact which her grandchild remembered in her prayers that evening as follows: "I thank thee, good Lord, for having at last found a chair that my dear grannie can sit down upon."

How to Help Yourself.

Some time ago the head of a large wholesale shoe business was in need of an advertising manager. If he had followed the usual practice he would have gone outside the house and hired a professional "ad. manager." But he had a notion that the man who knew enough about salesmanship and about his special goods to sell them on the road could "make sentiment" for those same goods by the use of printers' ink. Therefore he put one of his crack salesmen into the position and now pays him $6,000 a year. And the man has "made good" in great shape.

Nor does this merchant stop with promoting men from the ranks of his organization. If a salesman in his house makes a good showing he fastens him to the firm still tighter by selling to him shares of good dividend paying stock.

He knows one thing that too few men in business do know—that a man can best help himself by helping others!—Saturday Evening Post.

Lies In Dress Labels.

One may purchase in New York a gown apparently made by any one of a dozen celebrated French dressmakers —at any rate, it will bear the name and address of the Paris house on its waistband—which was made entire on this side the water. Years ago a few of the noted Paris dressmakers sold their waistbands to foreign makers of gowns. It is said that one or two of the other famous houses found that makers in other cities were counterfeiting their waistband marks. Deciding to reap some benefit from what they could not prevent, they began selling marked waistbands to be attached to dresses made in London, New York and elsewhere.

VANISHED TREASURES.

Masterpieces of Art That Are Lost to the World.

The "Venus de Milo," which has been in the Louvre for many years is, as all the world knows, an imperfect piece of sculpture, though it is the greatest treasure of its kind the world has ever seen. A great reward would be given the man who could find the missing parts. About 1878 the most important of them—the right arm—came to light in London and was proved by experts to be genuine. The owner, however, refused to part with it and concealed it for fear it would be stolen. Unfortunately he died without revealing its hiding place, so it is as much lost as ever.

A bronze drinking cup which was stolen from an Egyptian temple in 1739 and brought to Europe has miraculously disappeared. On it is engraved the whole history of the Pharaohs, and it could easily be sold for $100,000. In fact, the French government offered a reward of $14,000 for its discovery, but the famous cup has vanished, probably forever.

Another treasure which has vanished in as strange a way is the Marcella vase of the Dresden collection. This is the only piece missing from the famous Dresden Marcella collection, the value of which is said to be $75,000. It bears the cross arrows and the lion's head. Not long ago the vase was said to be in England, but be that as it may, the person who rediscovers this treasure may command any price in reason for it.

How it is possible that a treasure so large as a painting could be lost sight of entirely is not easily explained, but this has often happened. One of Reynolds' paintings, "Countess of Derby," which is considered his best portrait, has disappeared. Not long after it was painted it disappeared from the collection of the Earl of Derby and has never been heard of since, though it would bring $150,000 to the finder. There are also two Vandykes and a Rembrandt missing, for which collectors are willing to pay $200,000. The Earl of Crewe would give a large sum for the return of a Cupid which some vandal cut from the portrait of the former Countess of Crewe and her son, who was painted as the sprite.—St. Louis Republic.

Those who seek to appear wise among fools, should be wise among fools.—Quintilian.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General:—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lona Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Hoover, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Deming.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. U. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kidder, J. A Swanson, H. E. Tull.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Hungiville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2373, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. E. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O.T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
O. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. S. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; [illegible] and Monday.
L. E. SQUARTH, C. of R.
A. A. ABBEY, S

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m., Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m.. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect May 27, 1906

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clearfield, Johnstown, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:30 a m week days.
For Clearfield, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington 7:20 p m week days.
For Lamadeo, Sigel, East Auburn and Reynoldsville 9:15 a m 2:55 and 8:40 p m week days.
For Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington via Lamadeo 9:15 a m week days.
For Rochester 2:55 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass'r Traffic Mgr
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at
7:35 a m for Bradford via B B & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P
1:50 p m for Pittsburg via B R & P
2:35 p m for Bradford and Buffaloyia B R & P
5:15 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and DuBois via B R & P

Trains arrive at Smethport at
8:35 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:15 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
3:55 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg
6:35 p m from Bradford and Kane.

C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time Table in Effect June 3rd, 1906, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:35 a. m., 12:50 p. m., 2:35 p. m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	10:10	12:25	5:50
Mt. Jewett	7:25	10:51	1:20
Kane	8:55	3:30	6:40
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Kane	8:50	1:20	4:35
Bradford	10:30	12:59	5:15
Kane	9:30	10:20	3:55
Mt. Jewett	9:30	2:55	6:00

Arriving at Smethport at 8:35 a. m., 12:00 p. m. and 6:35 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt. R. S. BELLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Nov. 26, 1905
MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
6:25	3:14L		Hornellsville	A10:00	5:50	
6:38	3:26		Arkport	9:25	5:48	
f	f		Burns	f	f	
6:47	3:36		Hornellsville Jc	9:14	5:37	
6:54	3:42		Canerseringa	9:07	5:30	
6:59	3:48		Gurwoods	9:02	5:25	
7:10	3:59		Swales	8:48	5:16	
7:28	4:17		Birdsall	8:29	4:57	
7:53	4:39		Angelica	8:06	4:34	
8:21	5:12		Friendship	7:37	4:05	
8:54	10:35		Boliyar	7:05	3:29	
5:40	11:30		Olean		2:32	10:23
6:27			Eldred			9:36
6:50			Larabee			9:18
7:14			Smethport			9:00
7:30			Mt. Jewett			8:42
9:50		A10:42	St. Marys		A5:50	6:20
		10:57	Shawmut		5:11	
		A10:42	Brockwayville		4:36	
P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
3:30	11:30	7:30	Wayland	A10:55	3:02	6:58
3:38	11:40	7:35	Perkinsville	10:20	2:50	6:37
3:43	11:45	7:38	Rogersville	10:12	2:40	6:45
3:47	11:47	7:40	Stony Brook Glen	10:08	2:46	6:41
4:00	11:50	7:40	Hornellsville Jc	10:00	2:33	6:30
f	f	f	Burns	f	f	f
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport	9:51	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:09A	Hornellsville	10:41	2:10	6:04
P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
L—leave; A—arrive; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

B. C. MULHERN, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa. JOS. T. O'DELL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

OLEANDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, April 16, 1906.

Trains leave Port Allegany for Coudersport, Ulysses and intermediate stations at 9:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 5:40 p. m. and 7:12 p. m.

Trains leave Coudersport for Port Allegany at 4:10 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 1:50 p. m., 4:15 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Trains leave Ulysses for Coudersport and Port Allegany at 7:20 a. m. and 3:45 p. m.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE

NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65 The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

THOUSANDS CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

EMIL THAMM.
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Dealer

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts.
Cigars.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

A DINNER DECEPTION

By Kate M. Cleary

Copyright, 1901, by G. T. Viskniskki

The telegram dropped from the hand of Isola Ray.

"Now, what do you think of that, Funny?" she asked.

Funny, a big, tortoise shell cat, signified her sympathy by putting her purring head against the amber satin slipper of her young mistress. The latter picked up the yellow slip of paper and read it over.

"Will bring Edward Carden up to dinner this evening. Carte blanche in all things, of course, but do the best you can, dear girl."

Now, Isola Ray, but lately returned from college to make home for and with a wealthy bachelor brother, was ignorant of household lore and quite preposterously pretty. Thus suddenly confronted by an emergency under sin-

THE DESPOT IN THE COZY DINING ROOM WENT OFF DELIGHTFULLY.

gularly exasperating domestic circumstances, the consciousness of her own inefficiency dismayed her.

"Funny" she crumbled the yellow slip into a ball and aimed it at the wastebasket, "let us consider what we had better do."

Funny, not at all averse to being cuddled in lace draped, faintly fragrant arms, promptly lost herself in somnolence.

"If only Delia had not gone to the funeral of that grandchild that expires with periodical regularity every three weeks!" Oblivious of the indifference of her auditor, Miss Ray kept murmuring on. "And—if Ellen Jane were not in bed with a jumping toothache we might pull through, Funny. Dear, dear! All the years I was learning Latin, why could I not have learned how to cook something except fudges? Gracious! Who's that?" Funny was promptly and peremptorily dispossessed.

Miss Ray hurried in response to the brisk knock at the back door. "It's never you, my dear!" cried Isola Ray. She had flung open the door and was gathering a little sweet faced, apple cheeked countrified woman into the joyful embrace of her loving young arms. "I'd be glad to see you any time, Aunt Elvira, but just now—well, just now your coming seems providential!"

Aunt Elvira returned cordially the caress of the gracious arms and lips.

"Now, how does that happen, honey?" she asked.

She had entered the kitchen—all shining tiles, enamel and blue and white kitchen ware. She put her old brown, cracked, bulging bag down by the sink and with one dexterous twist had divested herself of bonnet and coat.

"Oh, Delia—that's the cook—has gone to one of her periodical funerals. Her relatives are legion, and every few weeks one of them dies. And the other maid has toothache. And Victor telegraphed he was bringing his best friend—who has not before visited this city—up to dinner tonight. You know how my brother detests any cooking except what is done at home. And—beyond fudges or a good salad—I don't know how to make a thing!"

"Don't you worry. Just you do what old Aunt Elviry tells you." The small woman had flashed a fresh apron, a pencil and the back of an envelope out of her bag.

"You get the things I write down—never mind the spelling—sent in quick, dear. Then go and get some flowers, show me where the linen and silver are kept and put on the prettiest dress you've got to your back. Sure! Go on, now! Didn't I have you all the time your mother—bless your dear heart—was in the north? And 'tis even prettier than she was—you are. And they called her the beauty of her day."

"Oh, you lovable old flatterer!" cried the girl. Then she kissed again the little red, wrinkled face and fled to the telephone.

She slipped on a discreet and enveloping cloak of dark blue silk and went off to buy her flowers. And coming home she looked down upon the sheaf of long stemmed, dark red roses lying against her arm and the fanciful lines of Bessie Chandler recurred to her:

Oh, the fate of a man is past discerning!
Little did Jacqueminot suppose
At Austerlitz, or at Moscow's burning,
His fame would rest in the heart of a rose.

The dinner in the cozy dining room, aglow with the softly tinted lights from Etruscan electroliers, went off delightfully. Victor Ray beamed his approval. He had not imagined that this beloved young sister of his could attend so satisfactorily to things, especially with one maid ill and the other a derelict. And Edward Carden, brown, rugged, keen of glance—a man whose name was known for scholarship and brilliance on two continents—appeared to find in his girlish hostess much grace and charm.

And Isola Ray was charmed by this stalwart friend of her brother's. He had seen so much of the world. He had seen so many much frequented—and little frequented places. Without arrogance or ostentation, he talked about his travels.

She, in the softness of black lawns and laces, her hair shining like burnished gold and her sea blue eyes sparkling, listened to the tales told as perchance Desdemona listened—long ago.

She was recalled to herself quickly by the action of the Japanese lad who had been hired to wait on the table. He had given a slight start and was staring at the door through which he had just come. Isola turned hastily and glanced in that direction also. A little red, eager countenance was visible. Anxious to see that her carefully prepared dinner was being properly served, Mrs. Devlin was peering in at the door. But Edward Carden had also caught sight of her.

"Aunt Elvira!" he cried, and sprang to his feet. "Why—Aunt Elvira!"

Then he was across the room and had her by the shoulders and was cordially shaking her. She was laughing like a child with pleasure.

"I didn't know it was you was coming, sonsie. I never knowed it was you!"

"I did not know you were acquainted with Mr. Carden!" cried Isola in amazement.

"I minded him when he was little, honey—same as I did you."

"Tell him," laughed the girl, "that you cooked this dinner. I could no more do so than I could fly to Mars. If you had not come to my rescue"—

She made an expressive little gesture of despair.

Victor's gay voice rang out. "It was a rattling good dinner, all right! Supposing we finish it?"

And when he had gone upstairs to reply to a telephone ring it was just a few lines of a familiar poem that brought the rosy tide back to a girl's delicate face.

"I rather agree with Mrs. Browning," declared Edward Carden. And he quoted softly:

"A housemaid or cook
One may hire with but little to pay.
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way."

Elvira heard—through the pantry window. She wiped her kind old eyes on her apron. "God bless 'em!" she said, while Funny purred acquiescence over her saucer of milk.

Going to Sleep.

"If you have never done so, watch yourself go to sleep," said a physician, "and you will be amazed to see how tense your position is. Your knees are drawn and bended, your back is curved, the arms are held more or less tightly to the body and the fingers are folded. The eyelids are held shut, not allowed to droop over the eyes, the neck is strained and the head seems to touch the pillow only at the temples. The points of contact with the bed are really at the temples, shoulders, hips, knees and ankles. Now look at a child sleeping. Every muscle is relaxed, every joint is inert and prone on the couch; his little frame finds rest at every point. The features are undone, so to speak, the nose widens, the mouth droops, the eyelids close easily, and with every line of expression obliterated he finds utter and complete repose. The abandon makes him fall out of bed sometimes, such an inert body has he become. You may imitate him even to that degree, if necessary. Begin at your toes to relax, loosen all your joints and muscles, unbend your fingers, shake your wrists loose, take the curve and strain out of your neck, go all in pieces, in fact, and see how the day's fatigue seems to slip off from you, and the gentle mantle of rest and oblivion to infold you like a garment."

Illustrating the Text.

In his book on India, "The Highroad of Empire," Mr. Murray enlivens a description of the carts of that country with a story of a fellow Englishman who had traveled in the east. He was a Kentish squire who was interested in giving his tenants an intelligent idea of what he had seen abroad. He had made a journey in Palestine and, being an admirable draftsman, had brought home a number of excellent sketches. One winter evening after his return the squire gave a lecture to his village and showed a number of his drawings. Among them was a cart very similar to that which I drew at Jodhpur. The squire explained to his audience that it was a type of the most primitive conveyances known and that it had existed in precisely this same form in Palestine from the earliest times—indeed, that it was probably a cart or wagon of this description that Joseph had sent down from Egypt to bring his father and his household goods from Canaan. Afterward an old farmer came up and expressed his great interest in what he had heard, adding that there was one thing above all others which had interested him, and that was the cart, "for now," he said, "I understand why Joseph said to his brethren, 'See that ye fall not out by the way.'"

LIVING ON AN ACRE.

How It Would Help the Man of Family and Little Money.

A family, with a modest house surrounded by an acre of good soil, every where the work [illegible] be performed by members [illegible] who are occupied during the long hours of the day at various occupations, will produce almost everything used in the family. An acre of ground thoroughly well cultivated, with a little chicken yard as an adjunct, will reduce in a very material way the expenses of the family.

Of course acre lots are impossible inside of the city limits or even very close to the city limits. The person seeking an acre must go to a considerable distance from the business center but the extension of electric lines enables [illegible] people to live at a considerable distance from their place of employment. A man who earns $2,500 a year [illegible] a family consisting of a mother and [illegible] often finds some difficulty in bringing them up properly and giving them the kind of an education [illegible] such an investment [illegible] saving rent of say $20 a month, [illegible] chickens and all kinds of [illegible] as well as considerable of the fruit that goes to make up the daily ration of each member of the family, will make his struggle in life much lighter. A man who has such a stake in the country will be in every way a better citizen than the one who spends his week's earnings as soon as they come into his hand. If not a week before they are earned.

Varied occupation exceeds all other processes in drawing out whatever of ability a man possesses. Here lies the advantage to the community—one superior to all economic gain—of the suburban acre lot for the home of the city wage earner. The cultivation of that acre in alternation with his other employment will bring him intellectual and spiritual enlargement, while it gives him a healthier body and wholesome surroundings in which to bring up his family. Maxwell's Talisman.

THE GROWTH OF TROUT.

Age, Food and Temperature Seem to Have No Bearing on Size.

The Salvelinus fontinalis, which is currently but inaccurately called brook trout, was supposed for many years to be a small fish. Agassiz was largely instrumental in exploding this fallacy. It is not an uncommon thing for an angler with ordinary luck to get a six or seven pound trout of this variety. It [illegible] grow to weigh [illegible] pounds. There is, however, no accounting [illegible]

In northern [illegible] lakes in which only fingerlings [illegible] are found. In the immediate vicinity of such waters three and four pound trout are quite common and seven and eight pounders are not phenomenal. In all these waters crustacea do not abound; there are no small fish of any kind except small [illegible] All fish are gorge feeders. At some places, it is true, frogs abound, but these as a whole the difference in food supply is not an adequate explanation for the difference in growth.

There is no substantial difference in the waters as to temperature, size, origin and course. Climatic conditions are the same. The small trout taken in virgin lakes in which there are no fish have sometimes grown to a great size, have sometimes remained small and sometimes have not thriven. The anglers who haunt these waters have not yet found a satisfactory explanation of this peculiar condition of things. It is one of the mysteries which lends fascination to the art. "You never can tell what is going to happen when you go fishing."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Long Words or Short?

Which shall we prefer in speech and writing? Almost everybody will vote for the short word, and almost everybody will be voting for the best candidate. The short words are usually the strong words. They make up in muscle and liveliness what they lack in size, says the Manchester Union. And they are readily in the eyes of men who have thoughts that they wish to lodge in other minds. A man who should run out into the street and yell "Conflagration! Conflagration! Conflagration!" when his house was burning would be thought to be making a jest of the affair. And so in all matters where ideas are to be handed out quickly and clearly—the short word has first choice.

Cockfighting Among the Greeks.

The sport of cockfighting seems to have originated with Themistocles of Greece. When he was leading an army against the Persians he noted two cocks in a desperate battle. To stimulate the courage of his soldiers he pointed out the bravery of birds, and, having won his battle with the Persians, he ordered that an annual cockfight should be held to celebrate his victory. In England the records show that the first cockfight took place in 1191.

What He Meant.

"Don't forget to visit the mystery show while you are in Europe."

"Let's see, that's in one of the German cities, isn't it?"

"No, it's in Berne, Switzerland. I refer to the international sausage exhibition."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Danger In Soap.

A Philadelphia boy who was washing his face got soap in his eyes, fell off a stop and broke his elbow. Small boys can show this to mamma.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Ambition is pitiless; every merit that it cannot use is contemptible in its eyes.—Joubert.

THE EIGHTH GIRL

By BELLE MANIATES

Copyright, 1900, by P. C. Eastmond

When John Walker was left a widower, although he was in the prime of manhood, with a comfortable income and good habits, it was universally predicted that he could never win a second wife.

For what manner of woman—that is, of the type fastidious John Walker would fancy—could contemplate the [illegible] of stepmothering seven daughters ranging in age from pert thirteen to precocious four?

If the children had been boys, John Walker's friends would have [illegible] for a speedy [illegible] but seven girls to bear and heed until they should come to an age when they would wish their heels depart!

John Walker was domestic, and after two years of widowerhood he began to yearn for a goddess of his hearth and home. The affairs of his household had not been administered so badly since his wife died. The cook was capable and honest and had been reigning over the kitchen for eight years. The seamstress, who had always spent a month each spring and autumn "sewing up" for the young Walkers, continued her visits, with the added responsibility of selecting and purchasing material.

The eldest girl, Madge, was promising to be quite a practical little housekeeper, but John Walker knew that a wise feminine hand and heart were essential to the guidance of his active, romping, unruly troop of youngsters.

He began to call assiduously upon Cecilia Rayne, a young woman renowned for her intellect, practicality and excellent judgment. She accepted his attentions, though reservedly, and with a general air of careful consideration and [illegible] weighing in the balance."

His [illegible] were regarded as unusual [illegible] invited her, with her mother, to visit his home and drink tea one afternoon. The children on this fateful day had never been so noisy or unattractive. Even Madge was boisterous and untidy.

John Walker did not know that it was matter aforethought on the part of his offspring. Madge was precocious and acute eared. She had heard it said that John Walker would marry just as soon as he could find any one to [illegible] She had sized up Miss Rayne as a home ruler, and in the teeth of Miss Rayne she scented a natural enemy.

So she instituted and encouraged rebellion in her many sisters, and their opportunity carried the day. John Walker escorted his guests to their home and returned with the firm intention of administering unto his own something stronger than tonic.

He found his flock white robed and sweet voiced, awaiting with uplifted mouths his good night caress, and he could not bring himself to mar their slumbers by so much as a word.

"If she only could have seen them as they are now!" he thought, with a regretful sigh.

Madge's busy little brain worked overtime that night on the solution of the stepmother problem. A day or two after the eventful visit of Miss Cecilia Rayne, as John Walker was passing a little park, he met two or three kindergarten teachers walking with their tiny charges. He gave them but a casual glance, when his attention was attracted by a delighted cry of "Papa!"

The littlest and last child in the procession let go of the hand of the young girl with whom she was walking and rushed up to him.

"Why, Tot," he said, taking her up in his arms.

Then he looked hesitatingly at the young teacher, who was walking on slowly.

"You must be Mr. Walker," she said naively. "I am Tot's kindergarten teacher."

"Are you?" he asked interestedly. "I didn't know that Tot attended a kindergarten."

"Didn't you?" she asked anxiously. "Madge brought her to school yesterday and entered her as a pupil. I supposed it was your wish."

"Of course it is," he replied promptly, "only I hadn't thought of it before. I am glad Madge is so wise."

"I've learned lots, papa. I'm going to prick you a card," assured Tot.

"Thank you, darling. Where is your school, Miss"—

"Worden," she said, supplying the name. "The school is on the corner of Wood and Third streets, three blocks below. Are you fond of children, Mr. Walker?" she asked, looking up at the princess enthroned on his shoulder.

"Naturally," he said, with a whimsical smile.

She flushed and laughed a little.

"Come and visit our school some time, then."

"I will walk there with you now," he responded promptly, setting Tot down on the sidewalk.

The child instantly appropriated a hand of each guardian and skipped along between them.

"Who takes her to and from school?" he asked, remembering the automobiles and trolley cars.

"Madge has so far."

"Madge said you could stop for me noons on your way home to luncheon," said the little girl.

"Why, yes, so I can. How did Madge know of your school, Miss Worden?"

"Oh, Madge and I are old friends. I give music lessons afternoons, and her inseparable companion, Grace Landon, is one of my pupils."

"I wish you would give Madge lessons too. Her teacher left the city some time ago, and I have neglected to have her start again."

"I should be glad to teach her," said the girl simply.

"Very well. You may commence tomorrow, if agreeable, and give her two lessons a week."

"She's a sweet little girl," thought John Walker as he pursued his way from the kindergarten. "She must be Tom Worden's daughter. Poor fellow! His failure took all he had. She's a trump to take hold and help in this way."

The first day that John called for Tot he so cordially seconded the child's invitation to her teacher to come home with them to luncheon that she was forced to comply.

Madge's music hour was from 5:30 to 6, and she would not practice properly unless her teacher would consent to stay to dinner. The children all claimed her as a kindred spirit and called her "Boss," for which they were sternly and ineffectually reprimanded by their parent, who finally followed their example and called her by that name himself.

In the month of July the Walkers went to their summer cottage on a lake some twenty miles from the city.

"You need a vacation more than any one," said John Walker abruptly to Bess one day. "You must go with us."

"Thank you very much," said the girl gratefully. "It's kind in you to ask me, but of course I can't accept."

"Why not?" he demanded. "Your father is going west on an extended business trip, and he won't need you."

The girl blushed, hesitated and then said frankly:

"Why, you see, of course, it would really be all right, but then you know people would talk—they wouldn't approve."

She began to flounder in her explanation, and John suddenly comprehended.

"I see," he laughed, nodding. "But you see you have come to seem to me like one of my own—my eighth girl, I call you—but I suppose you are grown up enough for a chaperon."

"I am twenty years old," she said with dignity.

"Indeed! A great age. Well, I have a second cousin, a [illegible] widow, whom the children [illegible] I presume she would like a month or so at the cottage."

So it was finally arranged.

From that time on John Walker suddenly regarded his children's teacher in a new light.

"I wonder if a beautiful young girl like Boss could come to care for an old duffer like me," he pondered. "I had supposed that she considered me an old man!"

A thrill stirred within him as he looked up at the fair young face gazing happily over the waters of the lake on the first night of their arrival.

"Bess!" he said suddenly.

But the children had also called "Bess," and she was away for a romp on the beach.

"She is only a child, after all," he thought, with a sigh.

In the Walker boathouse was a canoe which the children were forbidden to use, but Boss one Sunday morning ventured forth alone in it. She managed it very skillfully, but on her return a sudden wind came up and made the lake choppy. She had all she could do to keep her little craft right side up.

John Walker, coming out on the veranda of the cottage, saw her danger and rushed to the boathouse, intending to row out after her. Another emotion besides anxiety surged within him, and he knew now that he loved this playmate of his children.

She was making great progress with her tiny canoe, and as he rowed out from the boathouse she was landing at the pier.

It was a very merry, winsome face, alight with the excitement and danger, that was lifted to his.

In the reaction from his fright he was beginning to censure her when he was interrupted by Madge, who had appeared upon the scene and who instantly resented her father's lecture.

"You shall not scold her!" she cried hotly. "I wanted her for our stepmother, but I'll give her up if you aren't going to be nice to her."

Bess turned red and pale by turns.

"I'll race you to the house, Madge," she cried, and they were away.

"Bess," said John softly when he had succeeded in getting an interview, "as I said, I had thought of you as my eighth girl. I don't want to think of you as a stepmother, but I do want you to be my wife and a companion to the girls because I love you. Will you try and care for me?"

The verdict of the world was that John Walker had eight girls now and needed a woman in his house more than ever.

Complete Letter Writers.

One of the earliest of these "guides," dated 1615, was styled "A President For Young Penmen." It was advertised as full of variety, delight and pleasure. The former quality it undoubtedly possessed, as will be seen from the following headings: There is "A letter from a friend to a fantastical, conceited madcap," "A lyrling letter to a glamorous gentlewoman," with a "lyrling" answer to the same, which must have relieved the feelings of the writer; also a "Melancholy, discontentive letter upon the frowne of a kinsman," and, as a variation, "A kind of quarrelsome letter upon a frowne of a friend."

A letter to an "unkle to borrow a horse," strikes one as being of more practical value than all the rest put together and infinitely to be preferred as a model to the epistle of "Miss Molly Smith to her cousin, giving her an account of a very remarkable instance of envy in one of her acquaintance who lived in the city of York." How a distracted scribe was to get help or comfort from Miss Molly Smith is more than we are prepared to say.—London Graphic.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

The Modern Way and the Crude Methods of Early Days.

The sugar season opens a busy industry in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Buckets are loaded on to the ox sleds, boxes of spiles and axes, and away to the sugar orchard!

Sugar making nowadays is a science. Only in the extreme rural sections still remain the wooden buckets and cedar spiles, but there is still a sugar warmth, a bursting of healthy joy that breaks forth just as the swelling buds on the maples.

No longer are there the crude methods of an open fire, of the kettles strung on green forked poles. Possibly sugar making has lost some of its genuine savor in the modern evaporators, but the product—and its commercial feature is of all importance—is finer grained, of paper color, freer from bits of bark and other foreign refuse.

Important changes in the sugar industry have lessened the work of the farmer. In the early days wooden buckets and handmade cedar spiles were used. That made bother in the orchard, for the bucket had to be placed on the ground, and the spile could not be far above it else the wind would blow the sap to one side and thus waste it.

As the snow melted the spiles had to be drawn, new holes nearer the ground made and the bucket replaced.

Nowadays the spiles are of metal and the pails are hung on them. The evaporator is a sample of the rapid strides in sugar making facilities. The modern orchard has tin or galvanized pails and metal spiles.

Occasionally a tree runs a bucket full every fair day during the season, an average of ten quarts, although the general run is about half that amount, unless the weather holds so the trees run during the night.

Good, honest sirup weighs eleven pounds to the gallon, and it takes a barrel of thirty-two gallons of sap to make a gallon of sirup.

THE MAGNETIC COMPASS.

First Used on European Vessels in the Twelfth Century.

Some Asian people, perhaps the Chinese, discovered many centuries ago that a kind of iron ore possessed a very peculiar quality. We call this ore magnetic ore, or, in more common language, lodestone, and it is very widely distributed, especially in the older crystalline rocks. It was found that if a bit of lodestone were placed in water upon a piece of cork or straw braid it would turn till the axis of the stone assumed a north and south position. A phenomenon of magnetism had been discovered by means of an ore that is peculiarly susceptible to magnetic influence.

It is an open question whether the Chinese utilized the directive power of the lodestone, but it is certain that the first rude compass was not used on European vessels before the twelfth century of our era. By that time the true magnetic compass had been evolved through the discovery that if an iron or steel needle were stroked on a lodestone it would receive the attractive and directive power of this ore. With this appliance placed at the service of navigation the vessels that had hugged the coasts soon dared to venture even out of sight of land. A new impetus was gradually given to cartography, for now the true directions of the coast lines might be charted with some approach to accuracy. It was the happy fortune of Italian sailors to make the surprisingly excellent surveys of the directions and lengths of the Black sea and Mediterranean coasts and along the Atlantic to British waters that have come down to us in the so called Portulan maps.—Cyrus C. Adams in Harper's.

Twins.

Talking to a physician about twins and commenting upon the marvelous likeness they sometimes bear to one another, he gave an interesting fact regarding them. "You can always distinguish one from the other," said he, "no matter how great the resemblance, for the elder invariably has the broader face. Notice twins hereafter, and you can say with certainty that the narrower faced one is the younger of the two. I have no authority for saying that fewer male than female twins are born, but I am of the opinion that the couple are more frequently girls or girl and boy than boys. Twin brothers are few and far between."

A Husband's Retort.

A man, accompanied by his wife, visited a merchant tailor to order a suit of clothes. The couple differed as to the material and the manner of making, and the wife lost her temper.

"Oh, well," she said, turning away, "please yourself. I suppose you are the one who will wear the clothes."

"Well," observed the husband meekly, "I didn't suppose you'd want to wear the coat and waistcoat."—Everybody's Magazine.

Mistaken Idea.

"It may be laid down as a broad proposition," said the professor of political economy, "that you cannot get something for nothing."

"I once got the measles for nothing, professor," interrupted the young man with the wicked eye.—Chicago Tribune.

An Editor's Reply.

"Why didn't you retaliate when that fellow struck you?"

"I didn't know him, and it is our rule not to pay any attention to anonymous contributions."—Bohemian.

To take for granted as truth all that is alleged against the fame of others is a species of credulity that men would blush at on any other subject.—Jane Porter.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer
$1.50 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

THE MINER and
TRIBUNE FARMER
one year for
$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

An Instrument of the Law

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1905, by Frank H. Sweet

THAT an officer of the law could be wholly an instrument of execution was exemplified by Sheriff Turner. During twenty years of rounding up criminals of all sorts he had never once allowed personal feeling to interfere with duty. With him an order was not to be hampered with even in the mode of execuing, and if he was susceptible of such official weaknesses as sympathy and indecision they never appeared upon the surface. Moreover, he was a keen reader of faces and had a memory that was far reaching and relentless.

So it came about that the man who had Sheriff Turner on his trail had cause to fear, and if there were opportunity for doubling or twisting among the labyrinth of city buildings or fastnesses of deep forests he took advantage of it to the utmost and then counted himself a lucky man if he escaped.

The sheriff was in a river town working up an important case when the levee gave way and allowed the overcrowded waters of the Mississippi to leap forth in a wild, resistless flood. It did not matter that he was almost upon his quarry or that a few minutes more would have ended a long three months' chase. The flood was not a respecter of law or of shrewdness and determination, and he was forced back, and the black waters rushed in between and bore away his success as easily as they had torn the mighty levee from its foundations and scattered it over the fertile fields of the sugar plantation.

[illegible] disastrous [illegible] led [illegible] face [illegible] from time to time in its [illegible] depths. The fragment of a negro cabin, with perhaps half a dozen frightened faces peering from its unstained, oil arches, would whirl and eddy with the conflicting currents until some obstructing rock or tree would give it a violent jar, when one or all of the faces would disappear. Fleet[illegible] bits of wreckage of all kinds

HE CAUGHT GLIMPSES OF THE STRONG BEARDED FACE.

had their unwilling passengers, cats with big eyes and humped backs, domestic fowls craning their necks to keep above the surging water and even occasional farm animals, whose frantic struggles had gained them this temporary point of vantage. Sometimes a violent upheaval of the water would throw an object toward the surface, which would cause one to turn away with a shudder. Even the tossing bit of roof or whirling timber could offer no solace to that inanimate, hand clinched thing now.

Sheriff Turner saw one of these objects for a brief second as it was borne past him on the flood, and the sight drove away all self consciousness. He was a strong man in other ways than his profession, and what was transpiring before his eyes made him hurl himself far out into the mad rush of waters and wreckage.

As he struggled back again toward land with his first prize from the flood he was conscious of another man battling near him on the same errand. Several times during the afternoon he noticed him taking women and children from rafts and tossing debris, plunging into seething whirlpools after exhausted unfortunates who had been torn from their hold and clambering up banks or upon secure masses of wreckage to leave his burdens in places of safety, staggering with weariness, but strong enough to plunge in again to the rescue of some one weaker than himself. Sheriff Turner only noticed [illegible] their work brought them to [illegible]. He was too busy himself for watching. But as the afternoon wore away, drawing the man again and again, always risking his life, always steady, methodical, self controlled, he began to wonder and admire, as one [illegible] would wonder at and admire [illegible].

And with this admiration there presently [illegible] mingle a curious sense of [illegible]. He only caught momentary glimpses of the strong, bearded face as the man rose from the water with some one he had rescued or plunged back again to continue his work, but these glimpses were enough. He never forgot a face, and this man had crossed his memory somewhere—he could not remember how or when or whether for good or bad, but it did not matter. It would all come to him when he had leisure to turn his mind back upon the past.

And it did. That night as he was lying on a cot in a small building on the very edge of the flood he sprang suddenly to his feet with a low exclamation of relief. He had lain down exhausted, but not to sleep. Now he was strong, with eyes flashing, but steely, and with lips close shut and stern. He was no longer the heroic man whose life was a free offering for others, but a Nemesis of the law, mechanical, implacable, just. It had come to him with a rush, as he had believed it would, and, though the strong bearded face had crossed his memory half a decade before and then only as one incident of a busy day, the scene returned to him now as clear cut and vivid as though he had but just come from the courtroom. There were the white haired judge upon his bench and the arguing lawyers and the prisoner, calm and collected, pleading guilty in a voice as clear and triumphant as though acknowledging a deed of duty or valor. The beard had been black and glossy then and the figure slicker and straighter, but the face was the same. He was as sure of it as he was that the sun would rise in the east and set in the west. And here he was in the same building, almost [illegible] of the day's [illegible] with the flood. It was strange.

Sheriff Turner was a man of action. Ten years before he had had a warrant for this man's arrest; now he would take him officially as an escaped prisoner.

Leaving his room, he walked three doors down the hall and then rapped sharply. A wondering voice called, "Come in."

A dim light was burning, and as he crossed the room to the bedside Sheriff Turner looked at the man sharply. Yes, he had not been mistaken. A strong face like that was not often seen, and certainly was not to be forgotten.

"You are Clifford Waite?" he said.

The man started, but did not answer.

"Of Orange county, N. Y.," the sheriff went on quietly. "I arrest you for the murder of Pete Bolly, eleven years ago."

For a moment the man shivered as though struck by an icy blast, then his face grew calm and strong again as before.

"Yes, I am Clifford Waite of Orange county, N. Y.," he answered, raising himself to a sitting posture, "and I expected the miscreant Pete Bolly, whom a bribed jury turned loose upon the community eleven years ago. And tomorrow," looking the sheriff calmly in the face, "I consider it was a good gift to the state. People tell me I have done good work. I was told that yesterday, but none of it has been of such real benefit as ridding the country of such a villain as Pete Bolly. The law itself would have done it long before had it not been for his money. You know that. But of course," breaking off suddenly, "that does not affect my case."

"No, it does not affect your case," coldly. "You will please get ready as quickly and quietly as possible. A train leaves here at midnight. I do not wish to make a disturbance."

"I understand," dryly. "You fear I have so many friends here it might be difficult to take me away. I think you are right. However, I will go quietly. Now I am discovered it could only be a question of a few weeks at most. I have often had a desire to go back and try to clear myself at home. If it were not for my wife"—

"Your wife?" with some surprise.

"Yes. I came here without a dollar, and one of the merchants gave me a position as bookkeeper without even asking for references. Later I bought him out and put up a brick block. Five years ago I married his daughter. It will be hard for her," a slight break coming into his voice in spite of his self control. "She believes in me thoroughly, and—and"— He turned abruptly, and Sheriff Turner, remembering the scenes of the turbulent flood, stretched out his hands under a sudden impulse, then remembered his office and was himself again.

"YES, I AM CLIFFORD WAITE OF ORANGE COUNTY, N. Y."

"Come, we have no time to spare," he said harshly. "You must hurry."

As they passed down the corridor there came a sudden, dull roar, which caused them to exchange hurried glances. Then followed a hoarse cry from somewhere outside.

"The levee is down at Vitean! Fly! Fly for your lives! The flood is on us again!"

"It is a pity you recognized me," the man said regretfully. "You and I could do more work here."

"Yes, we are needed here," the sheriff assented. He looked at his companion, and a flush of conscious shame mantled his face. Through all his years of office he could not remember such irresolution as had been his during the last half hour. Then he threw out his hands with a sudden gesture as though flinging consequences to the winds.

"Will you give me your word to come back when the flood subsides?" he demanded.

"Yes, if I am alive."

"Then we will go and do what we can. If we get through it all right we will meet here and go on to Orange county together. Now come."

The work was more dangerous than they had experienced during the day, for now it was too dark to see the black masses of wreckage until it was too late to avoid them. And the flood lasted longer. All through the night they battled with the currents and all through the next day, and when at last the water began to subside it left Sheriff Turner bruised and helpless upon one of the banks, and beside him was the man he had recognized, his strong, bearded face now upturned to the sky, white and inanimate.

Presently came the sound of carriage wheels, and a woman hurried forward, clasping and unclasping her hands and sobbing to herself.

"He was so good to me," she moaned as she flung herself on her knees beside the silent form, "so good to me and to every one." Then she raised her head, and a new light came into her eyes.

"He is dead," she said softly, "but it has been good for me to have known him—good to have been his wife."

"And it has been good for me to have known him," said a voice near her. "He was a brave man."

She turned quickly and then came forward and held out her hand.

"Yes, he was a brave man," she said simply, "and you were with him. You are a brave man too. I am glad to meet you."

He took her hand almost reluctantly, and as he gazed up into her eyes and saw the great sorrow there he felt thankful it was the flood and not he that was responsible.

BACKBONE.

The Self Reliant Man Is the One Who Is In Demand.

Haven't you dependent upon clothes, upon appearances, upon introductions, upon recommendations about long enough? Haven't you leaned about long enough on other things? Isn't it about time for you to call a halt, to tear off all masks, to discard everything you have been leaning on outside of yourself, and depend upon your own worth?

Haven't you been in doubt about yourself long enough? Haven't you had enough unfortunate experiences depending upon superficial, artificial, outside things to drive you home to the real power in yourself? Aren't you tired of leaning and borrowing and depending upon this thing and that thing which have failed you?

The man who learns to seek power within himself, who learns to rely upon himself, is never disappointed, but he always will be disappointed when he depends upon any outside help. There is one person in the world that will never fail you if you depend upon him and are honest with him, and that is yourself. It is the self reliant man that is in demand everywhere.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

Tobacco Smoke.

The composition of tobacco smoke is complex. Analysis gives nicotine, pyridic bases, formic aldehyde, ammonia, methylamin, pyrrol, sulphuretted hydrogen, prussic acid, butyric acid, carbonic acid, oxide of carbon, the steam of water, an etherized empyreumatic oil, and tarry or resinous products, among which we detect small quantities of phenol. Of all the products of tobacco the most venomous are nicotine, pyridic and methylamin bases, prussic acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, oxide of carbon and empyreumatic oil, and all that we draw into our lungs with more or less satisfaction.—Harper's Weekly.

Under the Rose.

The expression "under the rose," or sub rosa, to indicate secrecy, originates in the Greek mythological story that Cupid gave Harpocrates, the god of silence, a golden rose, desiring him at the same time not to betray the amour of Venus. According to another account, the traitors against the Greek states during the invasion of Xerxes held their meetings in an Athenian arbor formed of rose bushes. At Greek and Roman banquets the guests were always crowned with roses, and a cluster of these hung above the banqueting table was a sign that what was said in that place should not be repeated elsewhere.

Decline of the Bath.

One strange feature in the advance of civilization has been the decline of the bath. Washing in the golden age of Greece and Rome was a fine art, and baths were built with as much care as temples. There has been a revival in this century of public baths, but from an aesthetic point of view they cannot compare with those of a barbarous age. This is not an age of washers.—London Lady.

Should Have Said Shoes.

"Miss Backbay," said Mr. O'Bull, who had been strolling along the country road with the lady from Boston, "I suppose your feet are very dusty. Permit me"—

"Sir!" cried the precise young woman witheringly. "How dare you!"—Philadelphia Press.

Unreasonable Freddy.

Tommy—Ma, Freddy's crying 'cause I'm eating my cake and won't give him any. Mother—Is his own cake finished? Tommy—Yes, ma; and he cried when I was eating that too.

"HE IS DEAD," SHE SAID SOFTLY.

THE GOORALS OF POLAND.

Honest, Hospitable and Brave, but Obstinate and Quarrelsome.

The character of the goorals has nothing in common with the humble peasants of the low country. In their good qualities and faults they rather resemble the proud noblemen of Poland. They are vivacious, honest, hospitable and full of pride, bravery and chivalry, on which one may always count. But their defects are grave. Obstinacy and quarrels lead them often to bloody fights, the lack of thrift is frequent among them and superstitions haunt them at every step. They love nature and in their songs praise their gigantic peaks, spruce forests and the clouds and rain. They built their houses facing Tatra, which they constantly observe and consult about weather conditions. A goural cannot live without his mountains, and if he sometimes leaves their homesickness will soon turn him back.

They are very religious, but their Christian faith is mixed with old superstitions, and the Roman Catholic rites are minaled with weird, often very picturesque, usages which have their origin in the old Slavonic paganism. So, for instance, on St. John's night Sobotka is celebrated by burning bonfires on fields and hills and by dancing, a festivity which in pagan times was held on the summer solstice in honor of Sviatovit, the god of sun, fire and love.

On Easter holidays from every house various kinds of food are brought into the church to be blessed by the priest, or the priest, accompanied by a sexton, goes to the house, where on a long, white covered table cake, eggs and venison await his blessing. This is called swiecone. The table remains covered with food for a week to await all friends of the house that may come.

The Polish tongue among the mountaineers has pleasant, soft inflections, and their dialect resembles the old Polish of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. The picturesque and practical costume of the goorals consists of a coarse linen shirt fastened with a brass brooch; a serdak, which is a sleeveless sheepskin jacket of a reddish color, richly decorated with applique ornaments of colored leather and silk embroidery and lined with fur; tight fitting trousers of coarse, whitish, home made woolen cloth, and a cloak called tsuha, worn usually over one shoulder. A black felt hat shaped like a mushroom and soft leather sandals (opercs) complete a costume that weighs from thirty-five to thirty-eight pounds, but is a good protection against cold and the rain which in these regions is frequent, for twenty days in a month are at least drizzly.—W. T. Benda in Century.

THE REAL VALUE.

How All Literature Is Contained In a Few Great Books.

Young people must every now and then hear it said or see it written that all the real value in literature can be put upon a small shelf—that is to say the really important part of all that is written is contained in a very few good books, all the rest being either unimportant or different ways of saying the same things that have been said before. The statement, of course, is not true if it be taken literally. There are certainly many hundreds perhaps thousands, of books that contain original thoughts or experiences that are truly valuable; but, generally speaking, the best part of all that has been written is to be found in a few volumes. To understand how this is possible we must remember that nearly all rules are the same as other and simpler rules. In arithmetic, for example, the whole science consists of only four simple ways of treating numbers. We can add, subtract, multiply and divide, and that is all we can do to numbers. The rest of the book is only the working out of these four rules; thus all of the arithmetic could easily be put into a little page that one could carry in the vest pocket.

All behavior, all right living, is also set forth in a few simple laws. These illustrations will show what is meant by saying that all literature is contained in a few great books. The Bible and the works of a few famous poets and essayists contain all human wisdom, and these are within the reach of every purse.—St. Nicholas.

THE WARLIKE MOROS.

They Prize Their Weapons and Would Rather Fight Than Eat.

An inordinate military conceit is a dominant quality of the Moro. To him there is but one measure of defeat—to wit, annihilation. If beaten, he expects nothing less; if he meets less, he has saved the day, perhaps won a victory. They are all of one profession—arms. As children their first toys are wooden arms, their first instruction the play of the sword and the spear. Whatever else as men they may be—priest, farmer, robber, pirate, merchant, lawyer—they are always, first, soldiers.

For a young man to lose his creese means to lose his right to marry, and it is the desire of all to die creese in hand. In fear of loss they sleep on these precious arms or with them tied to the body. For the same reason their cannon are kept lashed to timbers in their houses.

Firearms, indeed, are their main danger with civilized people. If they see the opportunity thereby to secure such arms, Moros can never resist the temptation to rob and murder. To get them they will risk all, lose all and never whimper. To them without the best arms death were preferable.—Major R. L. Bullard in Metropolitan.

Still Looking.

He—Five years ago when I saw her she was looking for a husband, but she's married now. She—Yes, and she's still looking for him, especially at nights.

Co-operative.

Banker (to the new cashier)—Say, if ever you are seized with the desire to run off with the cash let me know. I'll go with you.—Fliegende Blatter.

Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear—not absence of fear.

GAMBLERS' LUCK.

A Joke Which Brought a Fortune to Its Innocent Victim.

Having lost every cent of his ready money at the gaming tables an English visitor at Monte Carlo wired a pathetic appeal for help to a friend in England. Two days later he received a letter addressed in the friend's handwriting which on being opened revealed a five pound note.

Without pausing to read the letter, the plunger hastened to Ciro's, the famous restaurant in the Galerie Charles III., and changed his "fiver" into French money. From Ciro's he went straight into the Casino, where, experiencing an extraordinary run of luck, he not merely retrieved all his previous losses, but gained a substantial fortune into the bargain.

Weary of play, he retired with a few friends to Ciro's again to celebrate the occasion. The genial old Monte Carlo host himself took charge of the establishment with a flood of compliments and congratulations. The five pound note was dead! The waiter, smarting in the plunger's face, cried out it was false, this five pound note!

The plunger took the guilty "fiver" and scrutinized it carefully. It was one of the Syrian bank notes issued by Sir Augustus Harris and bore on its face an advertisement of the Drury Lane pantomime. The English friend, himself as "broke" as the Monte Carlo plunger, had posted him the flagrantly worthless note as a joke—a joke which had the plunger taken the trouble to examine the "fiver" or read its covering letter he would have seen only too clearly himself. It was fortunate that he did not do so. He merely paid Ciro his £5 and, inviting the gratified restaurateur to share in the champagne, pretended that the whole affair was an intentional witticism.

The convert of a croupier, who fondly imagined that he understood the English language, was instrumental in presenting another and far less experienced Britisher with 1,000 francs. This gentleman, handling a 1,000 franc billet to the croupier in question, asked for plaques in exchange for it. Plaques are the large five louis gold pieces peculiar to Monaco. The croupier, fancying that the [illegible] "black" and was desirous [illegible] to place the note on the "black" compartment of the cloth, did so accordingly. Black duly turned up, and the croupier politely handed 2,000 francs to the surprised Britisher.—Ward Muir in Chambers' Journal.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Ignorance may not be bliss, but it is often contentment.

Everybody has trouble of some kind. What is the nature of yours?

The average wish is about as valuable as the check of a bankrupt.

People are confronted every day with little problems and do not know what to do with them.

Some men's idea of perseverance is to see how long they can cherish ill feeling for some real or fancied grievance.

No matter how busy a man is he thinks he isn't wasting time if he takes an hour to prove he was right in a most trifling question.

After you have worked hard and saved your money it makes you mad to be approached by a man who has spent his and be invited to go into a scheme that is solely for his benefit.—Atchison Globe.

Queer Drummers.

"There's a story," said a drummer, "about a commercial traveler whose line was tunnels and post holes for fences. Him I never met. I did meet once, though, a drummer selling iron churches and suspension bridges. Another time I met a drummer who said his line was pupils. What did he mean by pupils? He meant, I found, glass eyes for stuffed animals, for dolls and for human beings. One of this man's favorite amusements was to open his sample case and ask the people present to pick out the eye that best matched their own. The people made awful mistakes in this, for nobody, it seems, knows the color of his own eyes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What Father Does.

Mothers may talk, work, struggle to make their sons models by which to shape a new heaven and a new earth. But the boy's world is in the man who is his father, and the boy believes that whatever may be right on Sundays or at prayer times the things that are really good, that really count in life, are what father does. Moreover, it is what father does which defines the means with which the boy shall work, the sphere wherein his efforts shall be shaped. In a word, what father does is the beginning as it is the end of the boy's achievements.—Harper's Bazar.

Precocious Fox.

Charles James Fox is probably the only man who ever made a maiden speech in the commons while still a youth in his teens. He was nineteen when he took his seat for Midhurst, and within a few months he had made three excellent speeches. And yet even at this early age Fox used frequently to sit up all night drinking and gambling.

Capsicine.

The active principle of capsicum, or red pepper, is a volatile oil known as capsicine. It is so exceedingly acrid that a quarter of a grain exposed to the air in a room will diffuse itself throughout the apartment and cause all present to cough and sneeze as though the pepper had been taken into the mouth or nostrils.

An Explanation Wanted.

"I'd like to know," began the thoughtful boarder.

"Would like to know what?" asked the boarder who knew it all.

"I'd like to know how 'matches are made in heaven' when they keep all the brimstone in the other place."—Chicago News.

Bringing It Home.

Bob—Don't you think that love is a species of insanity? Ethel—Sometimes. Who has been falling in love with you?—Smart Set.

Thousands of SAMPLES FREE

Write to the Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for a *free* descriptive pamphlet, containing much helpful medical advice, and a *free sample* bottle of that great Kidney, Liver and Blood medicine,

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

A remedy backed by over 31 years of remarkable success. Cures thousands of homes. Pleasant to take, powerful to heal. Stops that backache, clears up the urine, relieves frequent urination, stops the scalding pain; cures constipation and dyspepsia.

Remember: The name is Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, price $1.00 *(or* $5.00*) and prepared at Rondout, N. Y.*

ACME MILL,

F. A. GREEN, Propr.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy your sweet piece of Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING

— AND —

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer

Smethport, Pa.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House

SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

PATENTS

PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for free report as to patentability. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES. *Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.* Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 625 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

C.A.SNOW & CO.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Vanblad & Treff,

Practical Horseshoers.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

Woman's Trials.

The bitter trail in a woman's life is to be childless. Who can tell how hard the struggle may have been ere she learnt to resign herself to her lonely lot? The absence of this link to bind marital life together, the absence of this one pledge to mutual affection is a common disappointment. Many unfortunate couples become estranged thereby. Even if they do not drift apart, one may read the whole extent of their disappointment in the eyes of such a childless couple when they rest on the children of others. To them the largest family does not seem too numerous.

In many cases of barrenness or childlessness the obstacle to child-bearing is easily removed by the cure of weakness on the part of the woman. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been the means of restoring health and fruitfulness to many a barren woman, to the great joy of the household. In other, but rare cases, the obstruction to the bearing of children has been found to be of a surgical character, but easily removable by painless operative treatment at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., over which Dr. Pierce of the "Favorite Prescription" fame presides. In all cases where children are desired and are absent, an effort should be made to find out the real cause, since it is generally so easily removed by proper treatment.

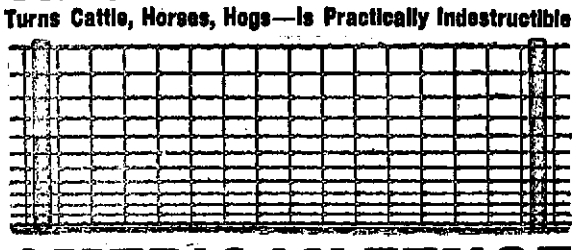
In all the various weaknesses, displacements, prolapsus, inflammation and debilitating, catarrhal drains and in all cases of nervousness and debility, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the most efficient remedy that can possibly be used. It has to its credit hundreds of thousands of cures—more in fact than any other remedy put up for sale through druggists, especially for woman's use. The ingredients of which the "Favorite Prescription" is composed have received the most positive endorsement from the leading medical writers on *Materia Medica* of all the several schools of practice. All the ingredients are printed in plain English on the wrapper enclosing the bottle, so that any woman making use of this famous medicine may know exactly what she is taking. Dr. Pierce takes his patients into his full confidence, which he can afford to do as the formula after which the "Favorite Prescription" is made will bear the most careful examination.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best and safest laxative for women.

THE BIG STORE.

Stands Like a Stone Wall

Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs—Is Practically Indestructible



AMERICAN FENCE

Buy your new fence for years to come. Get the big, heavy wires, the hinge joint, the good galvanizing, the exactly proportioned quality of steel that is not too hard nor too soft.

We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get our prices.

Also Barb and Smooth Fence Wire, Staples and Nails, Plows Harrows and Cultivators, Garden Tools, Garden Seeds, Paints, Oils and Varnish.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 19, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Edinboro Normal "Gym." is the finest in Penna. All have access to it. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—Mrs. Leslie Carter, the celebrated actress, was married last Friday in New York City to Wm. L. Payne.

—Dog poisoners are at work in Eldred. Several valuable dogs have died at that place as a result of strychnine poisoning.

—The Black Hills Courier is the name of the publication issued by Joseph Connors at Lead and Deadwood, S. D Mr. Connors formerly lived at Shinglehouse.

—The name of Hornellsville having been cut down to Hornell, the Avoca Advocate suggests that the three Steuben county names, Hornell, Corning and Hammondsport, be shortened to Horn, Corn and Ham.

—Well the funniest thing that anybody ever saw was a girl in a peek-a-boo waist trying to reach a fly that had crawled through and taken up its abode between her shoulders, just where she could not get at it. It's safe to say that the girl was not the only one that the fly tickled half to death.—Olean Herald.

—An infant girl, aged about one week, was found on the porch of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Maloy of St. Marys on Wednesday of last week. Considerable baby clothing was also found in the bundle. The little one was removed to the County Home. Nothing was found to give a clue to its parentage.

—A new disease has been puzzling the medical profession, says the Wellsboro Gazette. It has been termed the sleeping measles. The patient is attacked by a high fever and soon falls asleep and remains in that condition for several days. Upon awakening the fever and all traces of the disease have disappeared.

—George Mitchell, the Oregon man who shot and killed E. F. Orefield, a "Holy Roller" preacher, and was acquitted, an account of which appeared in the last issue, was shot and killed in a Seattle, Wash., railroad station by his sister, Esther Mitchell. It is said that this sister was the one who caused the first crime, Mitchell claiming that Orefield was the cause of her ruin. The sister was one of Orefield's most ardent followers and deliberately planned to avenge his death.

The Inns of Old England.

Efforts were continually being made in England to keep down the number of inns. In the reign of Edward I. there were only three in the whole of London. Even in 1552 no more than forty were legally permitted in the metropolis, now spreading out its boundaries on every side. York might have eight, Chester, Exeter and Cambridge four, Bristol six and Oxford three. The restrictions must have been set at naught in a very wholesale manner, for in a century later there were 400 "houses of call" in that part of London known as the City and no fewer than twenty-four registered round Covent Garden. In mediæval Oxford it was ruled that no "regrater" was eligible for the office of mayor, and this term included an innkeeper.

Thackeray and Dickens.

This is the way George Henry Lewes once characterized Thackeray and Dickens in the way of service to a friend: Dickens, he said, would not give you a farthing of money, but he would take no end of trouble for you. He would spend a whole day, for instance, in looking for the most suitable lodgings for you and would spare himself neither time nor fatigue. Thackeray would take two hours' grumbling indecision and hesitation in writing a two line testimonial, but he would put his hand into his pocket and give you a handful of gold and bank notes if you wanted them.

Bowling.

Bowling is one of our games that originated in the middle ages. The exact date of its introduction is obscure, but it has been clearly traced to the thirteenth century. The first bowling greens were made in England. In bad weather these could not be used to advantage, and this led to the construction of covered bowling alleys.

Hard Luck.

Caller—I have here several bills which are long overdue. Hardduppe (desperately)—I am sorry to say that our cashier is out today. Caller—Oh, well, it doesn't make much difference. I'll call and pay them at some future date. Good day, sir.

His Best Bedroom.

An American physician says that while in England he saw a vaulted tomb in a London cemetery which had the following inscription engraved on the door:

Dr. John Gardner's Last and Best Bedroom.

His Specialty.

Bacon—When he was out camping did your brother kill much? Egbert—He nearly killed everybody in the camp. He was the cook.

Taking the Breeks Off by Law.

There is an act of parliament of George II. which clearly shows the attitude of the English mind toward the Scottish highlanders in the eighteenth century. In that act parliament solemnly ordained that "from and after the 1st day of August, 1747, no man or boy within that part of Great Britain called Scotland shall on any pretense whatever wear and put on the clothes commonly called highland clothes—that is to say, the plaid, philibeag or little kilt, trouse, shoulder belt or any part whatsoever of what peculiarly belongs to the highland garb—and that no tartan or party colored plaid or stuff shall be used for greatcoats or upper coats." The act then went on to declare that if the smallest piece of tartan plaid could be detected among the garments of any highland man or boy he should suffer six months' imprisonment and for a second offense seven years' penal servitude. The oath of a single witness before a justice of the peace was enough to effect a conviction. This attempt to "take the breeks off a highlandman" by act of parliament grew immediately out of the terror inspired by the rebellion of 1745, but underlying and re-enforcing the panic stricken legislation there was the popular conviction that the Scottish mountains were inhabited by "black kneed" cattle thieves barely emerged from the cannibal state.—Macmillan's Magazine.

The Clyde at Glasgow.

There are magnificent harbors in the old world which have been dug out of shallow sloughs and sluggish ditches. The Elbe at Hamburg is a narrow and insignificant stream compared with the great rivers of this western world. Yet for some score of miles down the Elbe from Hamburg to the sea the river's shores are lined with the seagoing craft of all the maritime nations of the world. Where Glasgow is situated, on the Clyde, that stream was once what is known in America as "a creek." Yet the Clyde has been dredged out until today the leviathans of peace and war, the great sea monsters of the transatlantic lines, the creations of the great captains of the shipbuilding industry, are built and launched there month after month, year after year. So narrow is the Clyde at Glasgow that these ships, some of them five and six hundred feet in length cannot be launched head to the stream as is the custom, but are launched broadside on for fear they should run their bows into the opposite bank.—Argonaut.

A Belle of Morocco.

Says an observer of conditions in modern Morocco: "The wife is bought in Morocco today, and the sum paid is agreed upon between her father and the would be husband. Sometimes a cow may be sufficient to procure a bride, at other times many cattle and several dollars are necessary for her purchase. The bride is, of course, dressed in suitable costume, but the most interesting part of her toilet to a stranger is the decoration of henna. The henna, pounded and mixed with lemon juice, is sometimes painted directly on to her face, arms, hands and legs. At other times a stencil pattern it put on her flesh and the perforated holes filled up with the henna. By the time this is completed she is tattooed with a dark design. Society women in more enlightened countries who wear lace blouses in a hot summer sun often find their arms and neck burned into a pattern which has much the same effect as the henna tattoo on the poor little Moorish maid."

How the Burro Eats Thistles.

The Rocky mountain burro, one of the most sagacious of animals, seeks the thistle as a favorite food, and the pungent spines with which it protects its leaves at every angle are doubtless a recognition on its part of this fondness of grazing animals for it. Few experiences of frontier life are more amusing than to watch the donkey's attack upon a large bull thistle. He walks about it, seeking for a favorable opening, projects his lip gingerly against its spines and jerks back as he feels its pricks. He surveys it pensively for a moment or two and then slowly raises his foot and strikes it, pausing to watch the effect of the blow. He then perhaps strikes it from the other side and watches again. The blows become rapid, and at length it is broken down and thoroughly trampled, after which it is consumed to the last vestige.—Country Life In America.

A Homiletical Repeater.

"It was in a small German congregation that I heard a preacher who when he had completed his introduction and first point said, 'I have come to the second head.' A man rose, rubbed his eyes, folded his arms across his breast and appeared ready for that head. When it was finished he had overcome the drowsiness and sat down. During the elucidation of the third head three other men stood up. At the close of his sermon the preacher found all his people asleep. As he stopped they all looked up and seemed greatly relieved. But the good man said, 'You have slept all through the sermon, and as this is a sermon you all ought to hear I will begin it anew.'"—Ecclesiastical Review.

The Face.

Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face. She has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, lining it at each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light.—Addison.

Wanted to Be In Time.

A wealthy Parisian, tired of supporting his nephew, determined to get him married off and settled. He called upon a matrimonial agent and looked over his album of candidates for husbands. To his horror he found the picture of his own pretty young wife. He reproached her and demanded an explanation. "I do not deny it," she said, "but it was last year, when, as you know, dearest, you had been given up by all the doctors."

Strength of the Open Sky.

"What great deed was ever done in doors?" writes Emerson Hough in the Reader. "What great thing of the earth in art, in science, in romance, was ever conceived and brought forth within walls? Pathos grows there, and small tragedy and bitterness and pessimism, but not great tragedy, nor the vast and useful pessimism which uplifts human nature and humanity.

"The joyous, hopeful, optimistic things, the large and cheerful motives, are found beneath the sky. The Indians say that the babe born in the wind will be chief, and that might well be so. What strong blood ever grew indoors? What great drama of the ages was ever played there? What duel on the stair ever equaled the battle under the trees?

"Science may delve, lamp-wise, but what great things, even of science, came wholly from within walls? Electricity, navigation by the stars—the things which have really conquered the world—did these appear to man as he studied at some table side? No. The great and sweet things of knowledge came from the naked stars. Guilty and tremulous wisdom may have housings, concealment, and so make a confession that it is evil, but before guilty Eden knowledge was out of doors."

Worked Out.

They were talking about futility and for some reason known only to each other failed to agree. Finally she asked:

"Well, now, suppose you give me an example of what you call futility."

"All right," said he. "Multiply 3,940 by 721."

She took a pencil in her hand, seized a piece of paper and after a few minutes of diligent figuring announced the result.

"It is 2,845,060," said she.

"Divide that by 2," he continued.

"It is 1,422,530," she said.

"Very well," said he. "Now add 7 to that and then subtract 1,422,540 and tell me what you get."

"The result is 0," said she after further figuring.

"Well, that's what I call futility,' said he, with a laugh. "You've covered a sheet of paper with figures to arrive at nothing."

Whereupon she became so angry with him that she refused to speak to him further on the subject.—London Sphere.

The Formation of Coal.

Many different theories are held by geologists to account for the formation of beds of coal between strata of rock. The simplest of them is that vast masses of wood, such as grew in the carboniferous age of the earth's development, were sunk under the sea, that deposits of silt upon them changed to rock and that by some upheaval of the earth the bed on of the sea was lifted above sea level. Such upheaval occurred in remote geologic ages in the Mississippi valley, all the central parts of which were undoubtedly at one time covered with water and formed an arm of the sea. The one thing certain about coal is that by one process of nature or another it has been converted from the giant trees which grew in the carboniferous age of geology. How many thousands or millions of years that was nobody knows. All that is known about the duration of different geologic ages of the world is that they were long.

Dramatic Detail.

Sir Henry Irving was accustomed to visit at the home of Miss Friswell, author of "In the Sixties and Seventies," in which volume appears the following anecdote: "My mother often used to point out little details that had been overlooked. I remember one in 'The Bells,' which my mother told Mr. Irving on the first night when he returned to our house to supper. People who have seen the play may remember that the first scene is a small inn and that there is supposed to have been a deep fall of snow. The innkeeper, Mathias (Irving), walked in on that first night in ordinary black boots, with no snow upon them. My mother spoke of it, and afterward Mathias wore high black boots and stood on the mat while the snow was brushed off. Remarks were made in the papers as to Mr. Irving's attention to the minutest details, and this was cited as an instance."

Punishments In Early Days.

The following extracts from early records give us a glimpse of some of the singular punishments in vogue in old New England:

"In 1639 Dorothy Brown, for beating her husband, is ordered to be bound and chained to a post."

"In 1643 the assistants order three Stoneham men to sit in the stocks on lecture day for traveling on the Sabbath."

"In 1651 Anna, wife of George Ellis, was sentenced to be publicly whipped for reproaching the magistrates."

"In 1658, for slandering the elders, she had a cleft stick put on her tongue for half an hour."

An Odd Sermon.

It seems doubtful if there is anything more crooked than the following title of a pamphlet published in 1703: "The Deformity of Sin Cured: a Sermon Preached at St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, Before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. Crookshanks." The pamphlet was sold by Matthew Denton at the Crooked Billet near Cripple gate. The words of the text are, "Every crooked path shall be made straight," and the printer before whom it was read was deformed.

Linen Paper.

The only real linen paper made in the United States is that used for government documents. All the so called linen papers are largely made from cotton rags with some linen mixed in. The reason for this is that it is extremely difficult to separate cotton and linen rags. The government gets around this difficulty by using nothing but clippings from collars and shirts.

The Lid Off.

Johnnie—Say, pa, who was Pandora? Johnnie's Pa—Pandora, my son, was a little girl who started a lot of trouble because she didn't keep the lid down.—Princeton Tiger.

A Sister's Love.

A Boston clergyman whose work takes him among the poor of that town tells a pretty story of sisterly love existing among the humble and unfortunate. One day a pale and ragged girl of about ten years was seen going along the street carrying on her back her crippled brother, nearly as old as she. A stranger stopped her by saying that she was overexerting herself. "He is too heavy for you to carry," he said. The child of the ghetto looked up at him reproachfully, saying: "He ain't heavy. He is my brother."

Willing, But—

Theatrical Manager—What are you going to do with all that wall paper? Green Hand—Why, when you hired me you said you wanted me to make myself generally useful, and I heard you say yesterday that you would have to paper the house tomorrow, so I thought I would get you these samples to look at.—New York Press.

Too Personal.

"What caused you to strike the customer?"

"He sets down, an' when I asts him what it'll be," explained the new waiter, "he sez, 'You ain't got no brains, have you?' an' then I soaked him one."

A Change of Climate.

His Wife—John, dear, the doctor says I need a change of climate. Her Husband—All right. The weather prophet says it will be colder tomorrow.

A GOOD NIGHT'S REST

"Speak for it," she cried to doggie,
For she knew in her little heart,
That German Syrup, home's great treasure,
Could health and joy impart.

¶The greatest tonic on earth is a good night's rest. Restless nights and the terrible exhaustion of a hacking cough are dread dangers of the poor consumptive. ¶But why this fear of the night when a few doses of Dr. Boschee's German Syrup will insure refreshing sleep, entirely free from cough or night sweat? Free expectoration in the morning is made certain by taking German Syrup.

¶We know by the experience of over thirty-five years that one 75-cent bottle of German Syrup will speedily relieve or cure the worst coughs, colds, bronchial or lung troubles—and that, even in bad cases of consumption, one large bottle of German Syrup will work wonders. 12

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

Choosing a Helpmate

is a matter of fitness always. And the man's in luck who wins the girl who not only appreciates bric-a-brac but also the value of good

PLUMBING

The up-to-date plumbing of to day entirely in sight where possible and always sanitary in pipes, traps, etc, is within reach when you leave it to an expert plumber such as you'll find at your service at our address. ¶ Estimates on new and old work.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUHN BLOCK. Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM.

TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

Mc Kean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.75 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Births, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

All communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 19, 1906.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For Governor,
EDWIN E. STUART
of Philadelphia.

For Lieut. Governor,
ROBT. S. MURPHY
of Cambria county.

For Auditor General,
ROBERT K. YOUNG,

For Sec'y Internal Affairs,
HEFRY HOUCK,
of Lebanon.

COUNTY.

For Members of Assembly,
JAS. A. McKEAN
of Smethport.
C. V. MERRICK,
of Bradford.

For Jury Commissioner,
A. M. MARSH,
of Bradford.

ENGLAND has a packing house scandal similar in many ways to our own.

THE Democratic newspapers of this section seem to think that fusion spells victory, but it probably will spell a word with an entirely different meaning after November 6.

THE Democratic county convention will be held early in August. There is considerable speculation on what action they will take on various political matters of importance.

IF the Socialists of Colorado were hunting for something to advertise their creed they certainly hit the right trail when they nominated for Governor a man who is in jail in another State under indictment for murder.

EDITOR TOM MCCLELLAN has been urged to become a candidate for the Assembley, on the Democratic ticket. But he informs the Era that he has no intention of entering the contest for representative at the present time.—Bradford Era.

THE State executive committee of the Prohibition party met at Pittsburg on Tuesday and after a long session adjourned to meet again at the call of the chairman, without naming a candidate for governor. An effort was made to have L. Emery, Jr., endorsed, but this was so strenuously opposed by Elisha K. Kane and others that the motion failed to carry.

"MY head is not going to appear in bronze on the door of the capitol if I have to file it off myself," said former Governor W. A. Stone to-day when his attention was called to the fact that on Wednesday the big bronze doors of the capitol were exposed to public view and they were shown to bear the portrait busts of 20 men, including members of the State capitol commission and well known politicians of the state, living and dead. The former governor says he will oppose the acceptance of the doors.

IT is said that private detectives furnished information falsely on which Hartje brought suit against his wife. If this is so there is no punishment that the average man can think of that would be too severe for the wretched sneaks who thus lied to their employer. At the same time, no matter how much basis he may have had for the vilest of his charges, there will be few men willing to excuse Hartje for making them public, if for no other reason than the blight that it must place forever upon his children.

CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY of Cameron county, who was nominated at DuBois last Thursday by the Republican party for Member of Congress from this district, is a man whom every Republican in this district can conscientiously give their most hearty support. He is a veteran of the Civil War and a man who is popular with all who know him. He has always been a staunch Republican and is an ardent admirer of President Roosevelt and his noble policies. He is a man of recognized ability and is fully capable of representing this district in Congress. Capt. Barclay is one of those men who makes friends where ever he becomes acquainted and as he will make a canvass of the entire district it is safe to assume that he will be elected by a large majority.

ONE of the most interesting gubernatorial campaigns in this country is being conducted in Georgia, where Clark Howell and Hoke Smith are rival candidates. Both gentlemen are widely known. Mr. Howell as editor of the Atlanta Constitution and Mr. Smith as Secretary of the Interior during President Cleveland's second administration. While both men are Democrats there is a striking difference in their platform. Hoke Smith declares openly for the elimination of the negro from politics regardless of the latter's educational, moral or financial standing, and by methods which would be contrary to the constitution of the United States and to the conscience and honor of every American. Mr. Howell favors the elimination of the illiterate and morally unfit negro from politics, but by fair legal and law-abiding methods. The outcome of this interesting campaign will be watched with interest from every part of the country.

ACCORDING to the Railroad Rate bill passed and signed by the President it is made lawful for free transportation to be given to the following parties: Railroad officers, agents, employes and members of their immediate families, railroad attorneys and their families, female nurses that served during the Civil War, physicians, surgeons, ministers of religion, inmates of hospitals and charitable institutions, indigent, destitute and homeless persons transported by charitable societies or hospitals, and the necessary agents employed in such transportation; inmates of the national homes or the State homes for the disabled volunteer soldiers, ex-Confederate soldiers' and sailors' orphans' homes, including those about to enter and those returning home after discharge, and owners and caretakers of live stock. Railroads may carry free passengers on account of charity from and to places visited by epidemic or pestilence or fire, flood, earthquake or other calamitous visitation.

THE story of Capt. Dreyfus is stranger than fiction. His experience has been remarkable. The victim of clever and unscrupulous conspirators, he was charged with selling military secrets of his government to a foreign power. The crime of which he was accused had been committed by the same persons who testified against him. He was convicted and "drummed" out of the army. Then imprisoned on Devils Island, he was subjected to the worst treatment imaginable. Finally, in deference to public opinion, which had been aroused by his friends and the press of Europe and America, the case was again brought to trial. Again, by false testimony and on account of popular prejudice, Dreyfus was found guilty and sentenced to 10 years' imprisonment in a fortress. Soon after this President Loubet pardoned Dreyfus, but the stain of guilt was still on his name. Then began the struggle for a final trial to settle the question which for 12 years had divided France into factions. New evidence was obtained and it was so convincing a character that the court of Cassation unanimously decided in favor of the prosecuted officer. He is now fully vindicated; restored to his military rank and promoted as if he had been in continuous service. Moreover, he is to wear the cross of the Legion of Honor and thus the despised military outcast—made so through a vile conspiracy—becomes one of the most popular men in France. In all his troubles the press of the United States has persistently upheld Dreyfus and American public opinion has also been with him. —Bradford Era.

Wanted.

Every family having poultry to establish an agency at their home and sell a vermin powder. Sells for 25c per can. Our price $1 for 10 cans. No vermin on poultry or animals can live where used. Hot weather breeds lice and disease quickly. Hens stop laying and little chicks and turkeys die from the effects of vermin. Send $1 and get started. All orders shipped promptly. A boy or girl should sell 20 cans in a few hours, daily. Get your children started selling and teach them to do business. You can order in larger quantities, if desired at 10c per can. Vermin Powder Co., Box 506, Scranton, Pa.

Summer Sunday Excursions on P., S. & N. R. R.

Commencing Sunday June 24, 1906, tickets will be sold each Sunday until September 30, 1906, inclusive, from Smethport to Olean and Riverhurst at rate of $.75 for the round trip. Tickets limited to date of sale. Train leaves 8:12 a. m. Special low rates to all other points to which Sunday trains are scheduled. For further particulars see hand bills or inquire of agents. Jos. T. Odell, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Marys, Pa. Chas. H. Hammond, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Olean, N. Y.

Low Round Trip Rates to Colorado

and the Pacific Coast via Nickel Plate Road. In arranging for your trip to Colorado, the Pacific Coast or any point in the West, Northwest or Southwest, do not overlook the extremely low rates, convenient through coach, sleeper and dining car service offered by the Nickel Plate Road in connection with any route you may choose beyond Chicago. For full information write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Excursion to Buffalo and Niagara.

The Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry. will run one of its popular low rate excursions to Buffalo and Niagara Falls on Sunday, July 22. Special train will leave Mt. Jewett at 8:30 a. m. and returning leave Niagara Falls at 7:00 p. m. and Buffalo 8:00 p. m. The round trip fare will be only $1.50 and tickets will also be good for return passage from Buffalo on regular trains Monday, July 23.

For Sale.

A desirable business place. Situated at Crosby on the Christian Hollow road near P. R. R. station. Plumbed with both water and gas up stairs and in the store room. Containing counters, shelving, money drawers, paper rack, show cases and scales. Complete for business. Total valuation $700, will sell for $600. On account of going back to farm. VOLNEY F. DUNBAR.

Wanted, at Palmer's Livery.

Competent barn man, accustomed to livery work. No "boozer" or cigarette fiend need apply. A. T. Palmer, Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

Forty acres nice, smooth meadow. Inquire, John Harrington, R. F. D. No. 3, Smethport, Pa.

Excursion to Niagara and Buffalo.

If you wish a day of pure enjoyment go on the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry. excursion to Niagara Falls and Buffalo Sunday, July 22. Special train will leave Mt. Jewett at 8:30 a. m. and the round trip fare will be only $1.50. Tickets will also be good returning from Buffalo on regular trains Monday, July 23

Spring Millinery.

The most beautiful and artistic creations in spring millinery are ready for your inspection at my store. Place your order now. Style and skill combined satisfy the most exacting customer. MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Subscribe for the MINER.

There's an all-around saving for the painter who does a job with

Lucas Paint

(Tinted Gloss)

It covers so thoroughly and goes so far that it takes less paint. It spreads so easily that it takes less time to do the work. And greatest of all is its lasting good looks which satisfies customers and brings the painter more work.

Ask your dealer.

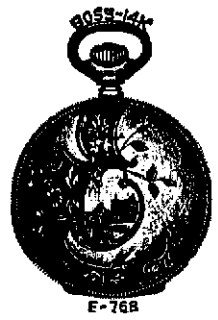
John Lucas & Co

New York Philadelphia Chicago

GRADUATE OPTICIAN, SPECIALIST

Will be at the Commercial Hotel, Smethport, July 27 and 28, and at Hotel Butler, Port Allegany, July 25 and 26. Parlors upstairs. Large variety, good quality, best of service guaranteed, headache, nervous and other troubles relieved. Come and be convinced.

J. M. BARNETT, D. O.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smosh and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - - $80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets an Robes is here and at th store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cas Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single o double, light and heavy harness.

Jhas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

BASEBALL!!

WORLD'S CHAMPIONS

New York Nationals

vs.

Bradford

AT BRADFORD, PA. JULY 22nd, 1906.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

$10.00 from SMETHPORT to

Atlantic City, Cape May, Wildwood

Sea Isle City or Ocean City, N. J.

August 1, 15 and 24, 1906

Tickets good going on all regular trains on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER OF TEN DAYS AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent, or on return trip, without deposit, within limit.

TICKETS GOOD TO RETURN WITHIN FIFTEEN DAYS.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Manager. GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l. Pass. Agent

Westbrook Commercial Academy

A PROGRESSIVE, RELIABLE SCHOOL.

ITS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR will open in September. Prospective students should arrange in advance for the attendance is limited. Special combined course scholarships issued thro June and July. Send for catalogue and list of graduates who have secured positions within the past year. H. D. Westbrook, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

Underwear Sale

THIS WEEK

50C GARMENT AT

39c

THIS WEEK ONLY

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 & 15c **Ladies Home Journal Patterns** 10 & 15c

PRE-INVENTORY SALE. . . . .

On and after this date until further notice I will sell all goods in my store at a discount of 10 per cent to reduce stock; flour, sugar and butter excepted.

My stock of merchandise is complete in every particular, and this is a rare opportunity for cash buyers.

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

June 25, 1906.

Everything
New, Stylish
Up-to-Date in
Merchant
Tailoring.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

WE CAN SUPPLY THEM

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY PROPOUNDED

MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

REMNANTS SHORT LENGTHS ENDS OF LOTS.

At the close of the White Sale we find, as is always found, a number of small pieces or remnants that were neglected in the regular selling.

These consist of a number of lengths of

White Goods, several White Suits, a small lot of Muslin Underwear, some numbers of Shirt Waists, Laces and Embroideries a limited number of White Shoes.

We have priced these for fast selling Friday and Saturday only.

Lots are limited and price of each holds good in that lot only until sold out. We cannot duplicate this assortment.

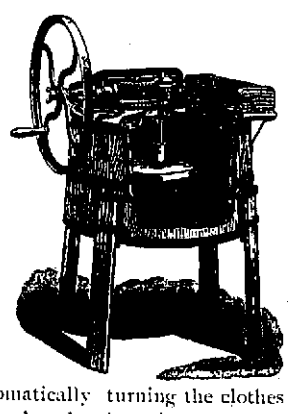
SHOE DEPARTMENT.

We will offer special prices on White Canvas Shoes and Oxfords for these two days.

Bright, clean new shoes just when you want them most. With prices below the lowest.

The Lindholm Co.

THE DREAD OF BLUE MONDAY MADE EASY WITH THE Boss Washer



The most perfect medium priced Washing Machine on market. Dasher reverses automatically turning the clothes back and forth through the suds, cleaning them without rubbing them to pieces. We will let one go on trial to responsible parties and if it will not do all we claim we will take it back. If it suits it will cost you only $6.50

WHEN YOU THINK OF HARDWARE THINK OF

REDFIELD,

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 19, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Prothonotary S. E. Bell is confined to his home with malaria.

—Bradford vs. New York, July 22nd. See ad in another column.

—Mrs. W. O. Herzog entertains the Euchre Club this afternoon.

—Muslin underwear is the subject of an ad for Fry & Comes to-day.

—A merry-go-round is being erected on the vacant lot opposite the court house.

—The Methodist Episcopal Sunday school is having a picnic at Riverhurst to-day.

—H. W. Rubin is advertising an underwear sale in his space this week. It is brief and timely.

—The Sunday excursions to Olean and Riverhurst Park over the Shawmut are being well patronized.

—Dr. Burg Chadwick is having a cement sidewalk laid in front of his drug store on Main street.

—The Pennsylvania railroad has an ad to-day describing their low-rate excursions to seashore resorts.

—Services at St. Luke's church on Sunday at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. On Friday at 7:30 p. m.

—P. H. Dougherty of Bolivar, a former player with the New York Giants, has joined the Chicago Nationals.

—Attorney V. B. Bouton has been confined to his home on Main street this week with a siege of rheumatism.

—The Rescue Hose Company have decided to attend the convention at Smethport in a body.—Kane Republican.

—The Lindholm Company advertise remnants, short lengths and ends of lots that have been left over from the white sale.

—Operations on St. Elizabeth's church were forced to cease for a couple of days this week owing to the non-arrival of material.

—A nine of youngsters from Port Allegany defeated the Smethport third nine at Kane field last Friday afternoon by a score of 9 to 7.

—The branch store of Fry & Comes at Hazelhurst has been closed and W. B. Fry, who has been in charge, has returned to Smethport.

Mrs. B. J. Cummins pleasantly entertained the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church at her home on Cemetery street Tuesday afternoon.

—Miss Carrie Servatius, who has been a patient at the Bradford hospital for several weeks, was discharged Sunday and taken to her home, No. 71 State street.—Era.

—Monheimer keeps busy these hot and usually dull days by selling clothing at remarkably low prices, samples of which he displays in his window. His ad is on this page.

—An explosion at the Emery oil refinery at Bradford Tuesday afternoon started a fire which did about $2,500 damage. An employee was overcome by gas but soon rallied.

—This office is getting out the Premium List for the Second Annual Fair of the McKean County Fair Association. Copies will be mailed to the people of this section early in August.

—"Old Home Week" will be celebrated at St. Marys, Pa., from August 11 to 18. Great preparations are being made for this occasion and the best time in the history of that hospitable town is expected.

—The Rev. D. Clem Eberhardt of Erie, Pa., District Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, will speak in the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday morning and Sunday evening at the Baptist church.

—Albert Clement, a former well-known young man of this place, arrived in town Tuesday. He is a half owner of the merry-go-round which is being set up in the lot in the rear of L. K. Hogarth's drug store.

—Miss Julia Lorraine Cablwell, soprano soloist, of Allegany, N. Y., who is quite well-known in Smethport where she has sung on numerous occasions, appeared in a sacred concert at Riverhurst Park last Sunday.

—The ball game between Mt. Jewett and the Kane Interstate team last Thursday resulted in a victory for Kane by a score of 8 to 1. And thus the fondest hopes of our pink compositor have been shattered beyond redemption.

—According to the Pittsburg Post, Chauncey "Bill" Stuart, who several years ago was a football and baseball player in Bradford, has struck it rich and recently refused an offer of $200,000 for his holdings in Indian Territory.

—Three sisters, Mrs. Geo. Bauer, Mrs. Wm. Haines and Mrs. Dan Decker, were in a serious runaway accident near St. Marys on Tuesday of last week. Mrs. Decker's injuries are probably fatal and the others are badly bruised.

—Mrs. G. W. King of East Smethport underwent a surgical operation at the Bradford hospital last Friday, Dr. Benninghoff performing the operation. Reports from the hospital state that Mrs. King passed the operation successfully and is improving rapidly.

—The Mt. Jewett Hose Company at a recent meeting decided to attend the firemen's convention in this place August 1, 2 and 3. Other companies have signified their intention to come and perhaps by next week an almost complete list can be furnished.

—The Coleman Hose Company of Union City and the West Branch Hose Company of Renovo have entered in the contests at the firemen's convention, the former entering in the hose races and the latter in the prize drills. The Colemans are the holders of the world's record for hose racing.

—A game of ball is to be played at Bradford next Sunday by the New York Nationals and the Bradford team and a large crowd is expected to witness the contest. It is expected that all the noted pitchers on the New York team will be used as will all of the Bradford swifters. A number of Smethport fans are planning to see the game.

—A party of young ladies composed of Misses Edith and Ella Young, Orra and Frances Campbell, Mayme Colegrove, Ruth Oviatt and Ethel Tull of Smethport, Bessie Brown of Bradford, Myra Cory of Coryville, Anna Johnson of Wilcox and Mabel Foote of Hamburg, N. Y., left on Monday for Crystal Beach, a resort near Buffalo, where they will pass two weeks. Miss Nellie Massar will join the party on Saturday.

—Frank Hallock of Lafayette township was taken to the Warren insane asylum by Commissioner Peterson last Friday, a raving maniac. The unfortunate man lost control of his mind some time ago and his mental condition has been steadily growing worse. He was so violent that it was necessary to keep his hands and feet bound. The cause of his insanity is unknown. He has a wife and seven children.

—R. L. Clark of Galeton, it is understood, is going to make a more thorough search on his land in that section for the variety of diamonds which have been found there. The stones are found in rocks and have a shell covering. When cut and polished the stones are very brilliant and of a hard substance, not unlike the diamonds which now, and have for many years commanded such high prices.—Potter Democrat.

—The heavy rains of Monday and Tuesday were of great benefit to everyone in this section. It did the farmers a great deal of good in saving their crops from drying up and dying and averted water famines in many towns in this section. Smethport was in more danger than ever before of a famine. The water in the reservoir got down to the fifth stone, leaving it not over one-fourth full and even a small fire would have drained it entirely.

—Burdette Dickenson has rented the building until recently occupied by J. R. Walkinshaw and will move his news stand and other stock to that building within a few days. Besides carrying a larger stock of fruits, candies, etc., Mr. Dickenson intends to install a soda fountain and ice cream parlor in his new location. This is a most desirable location and Mr. Dickenson is to be congratulated on being able to secure it as other parties were negotiating for it.

—The case of Dwyer vs. Borough of Port Allegany, non-suited at February term of county court, carried to Argument Court, where the judge's position was sustained, and carried to the Supreme Court, where the case was reargued and reversed in June, has again been decided in favor of the borough and Judge Bouton's position sustained. The case was brought against Port Allegany borough by Michael Dwyer as the result of falling on a faulty sidewalk.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosphate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. JONES, Smethport, Pa.

Personal Mention.

B. J. Cummins had business in Bradford over Sunday.

W. S. Palmer is visiting his parents in Friendship, N. Y.

Miss Jessie Ray of Colegrove was a visitor in town this week.

Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago, is here visiting friends and relatives

S. E. Bell returned Sunday from an extended business trip in Indiana.

Misses Georgia and Genevieve Crosby were Mt. Jewett visitors this week.

E. E. Andrews and Ed Walker left Tuesday for a visit to Atlantic City.

Miss Tavia Rayner visited friends in Bradford from Saturday until Monday.

Stanley Laymon and Miss M. Steele of Port Allegany were in town Saturday.

Misses Ruth Holmes and Zola Brasted are guests of Miss Eva Hopper in Mt. Jewett.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce returned Monday from a two week's stay with relatives in Warren.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander attended the meeting of the medical society at Rock City Tuesday.

Miss Nina Provin of Warsaw, N. Y., is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. L. Sloan of this place.

Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy attended the meeting of the medical society at Rock City Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fry left yesterday in their automobile for Buffalo where they will visit friends.

Mrs. George Brennan returned home from Olean Friday where she had been for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Oscar Engstrom and sister, Mrs. James Folk, are spending the week with friends in Mt. Jewett.

Mrs. John Tretton returned home Tuesday accompanied by her grandson, John Tretton of Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hammer of Welch, W. Va., are guests of Mrs. Hammer's mother, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin.

Mrs. G. T. Tweed of Punxsutawney is in town, called here by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. C. J. Duntley.

Mrs. John Healy of Bradford, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. B. J. Cummins, has returned to her home

Mrs. S. J. Tappan and daughter, Miss Alice, and Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Charnock of Mt. Jewett were guests of Smethport friends this week.

Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton and children and Hon. and Mrs. T. F. Richmond and son, Paul, returned from a fishing trip in Vermont.

Alex Clarke of Folsom, W. Va., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Clarke, the latter part of last week, returning to his home on Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. John Clark attended the annual convention of the medical societies of McKean, Cattaraugus and Allegany counties at Rock City this week.

Miss Ada Calkins, Miss Cora Lemmler and Lenora and Harold Lemmler visited Mrs. Charles Lemmler, who is a patient at the Bradford hospital, yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. McCoy and children are spending the month at Woodside cottage, Frog Camp. They have for guests this week Miss Bertha Rice, a former teacher here, and the Misses Stull of Farmers Valley.

Rev. J. H. McCandless is visiting relatives in Allegheny City, but will return on Saturday for the 8 a. m. service Sunday. He will be at Eldred for the 10:30 a. m. service and Rev. Mr Van Dyke will be at St. Luke's.

In Days of Old.

The good old days of the past are recalled by a Reading newspaper which clips these prices from its files of 1828: Butter, 10 cents a pound; chickens, 25 cents a pair; turkeys, 75 cents a pair; coal, $5.00 a ton; whiskey, 22 cents a gallon; eggs, 10 cents a dozen; ham, 6 cents a pound. That item about whiskey will bring a feeling of sadness, no doubt, to many a latter day purchaser of liquid enthusiasm. Twenty-two cents in those rare old times could produce a series of jags long continued. Now, even squirrel whiskey does not sell at less than 10 cents a mouthful.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S

IMPROBABLE BUT TRUE

Youths Suits $3.00

Men's Suits $5.00

Men's Sizes 34 to 42 and Youths' Ages 14 to 17.

Absolutely nothing the matter with these Suits and worth every cent that we formerly sold them for $6.50 to $13.50, even up to $15. Plain facts are, that they are not quite as stylish as the kind, at presented effected—by some.

Your choice of Black Clay Worsted, Blue Serges, Fancy Worsteds

At $3.00 and $5.00

WM. MONHEIMER'S

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

AT SPECIAL PRICES

They're the "Buffalo Brand" and taken from our regular stack—not a trashy lot in the lot. These are undermuslins with a reputation for goodness. They satisfy. The trimmings are in lace and embroidery just as your fancy runs. The styles are just as dainty as anyone could wish. We have rather too large a stock—that's the reason for these special prices. Your choice of any piece in window. $1 and $1.25 grades at 78c

HIGHER PRICED GOODS AT CORRESPONDING REDUCTIONS.

FRY & COMES

Buy your WAGONS from HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Our wagons are made of the very best material and built in our own shop by experienced men, and they will give you excellent satisfaction. Ask to see them.

We also have some bargains in second hand buggies. If you are in the market for either of these we can interest you.

We have a complete stock of Building Material at all times.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

BARGAIN SALE

Beginning Saturday, July 14, ending Saturday, July 21.

We now offer a large assortment of white shirt waists, the popular Peter Pan waists and shirt waist suits—both white and colors, made up in the latest styles, also one lot wash skirts at a great reduction in price.

Don't miss this money saving opportunity while preparing for the warm days which are sure to come.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

FOR **Picnic Lunches**

PICKLES (Bottle or Bulk)
OLIVES (Stuffed or Plain)
GRAPE JUICE
SALAD DRESSING
BAKED BEANS

TRY OUR WAFERS IN PACKAGES

CHEESE SANDWICHES, 10c
SPONGE LADY FINGERS, 10c
FIG NEWTONS, 10c
NABISCO, 10c
SALTINES, 10 and 15c
VANILLA WAFERS, 10c
ZU ZU, 5c
FESTINO, 25c

J. Colegrove, SMETHPORT, PA

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Emperor and Puritan 20c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

WOOING CINDERELLA

By Ruth Sawtelle

Copyright, 1905, by Homer Sprague

Scarcely had Dudley forced his breathless way through the thicket into the little cleared space at the edge of the bluff when a young voice assailed him.

"I thought you would come before long. You are the prince, of course."

He wheeled with a start and stared. She sat on a low rock, looking straight at him out of smiling brown eyes. There was a general impression of brownness. It seemed to be a gown of some shimmery brown stuff—or was it gold?—and a kind of aureole of fluffy, light brown hair. How the deuce did a girl get up that cliff? About how nearly a puffing porpoise had he sounded, anyway? Pity a man couldn't keep track of his breath! He'd go into training on that hill till he could take it on the run without turning a hair—he would, by Jove! Must be something the matter with her eyes. He'd never seen—that is to say, they sort of—

"You said yes, didn't you?" she interrupted sweetly. "Surely you must be the prince."

"I beg your pardon," began Dudley, suddenly realizing that she had asked a question some minutes ago and that an answer was expected of him. "The prince, you say? I've never been accused before, you know." And then, in a flash of comprehension, "Most assuredly I am the prince—if you are the princess," he finished triumphantly.

The brown eyes twinkled into his more distractingly than before.

"Oh, not at all!" she laughed. "I'm only poor Cinderella."

"Cinderella?" questioned Dudley, looking the mystification he felt.

"Why, yes—you see"— She hesitated. And then a very wonderful thing happened. A line of rosiest pink appeared just above the brown collar and crept up stealthily, enveloping the tiny ear, flashing into flame on the white brow and hiding at last in the light hair that blew about her face. Dudley, fascinated, watched its progress and forgave the intrusion.

"Of course it's very simple, only disgracefully stupid of me. And"—sitting up straight and suddenly becoming very brave—"I'm not in the least afraid to tell you."

Dudley mumbled suitable assurances, while the girl moved uneasily on her rocky throne and continued to look brave.

"I just- I only—the flower was way over the edge of the bluff, and -I held on to a branch and leaned down—and—my heel got wedged by a stone—and"— There was a tentative shifting of the shimmery skirts, then a hasty motion of withdrawal beneath them. "And I—I —lost the mate to that!" she finished, with desperate courage, thrusting into sight the other foot, incased in a stout little brown walking boot.

Two furious blushes were in full operation by this time.

Dudley gazed fixedly at the small trim boot. "You say the one you lost was just like this?" he questioned, with great solemnity.

"Oh, no; it belonged to the left foot, you know," she responded, with corresponding earnestness.

And then came the welcome relief of laughter, under the relaxing influence of which Dudley sank upon the edge of the rock.

"I only meant to suggest," he announced fervently, "my unbelief that there could be another like it in the world."

"Bravo, bravo!" she applauded gayly. "That is pretty enough to savor of much practice in such speaking."

Dudley's ardent expression was replaced by one of due submission to rebuke.

"It is meet," he said as his hand sought a capacious coat pocket and disappeared therein, "that the downtrodden should arise to do their service. Perhaps I can aid you better than you know."

"I'm sure you can," she interposed hastily. "But let me tell my plan first. I couldn't let you go to find it and leave me helpless and alone again."

"Of course not." Dudley's face assumed a thoughtful expression, and his hand slowly left the big pocket. "I—a—hardly suppose you could borrow mine."

Again her bright laughter rang out. "Oh, flattery, where is thy sting?" she cried gaspingly. And Dudley, looking ruefully from his own generous boot to the adorable mateless one, realized that once more he'd "put his foot in it."

"Forgiven," she declared in a moment, "because of the pretty one you said first. And so, to go back to our muttons, I see only one way. And yet, of course, it's such a little distance—the camp's just back in the trees there—I could hop on one foot, I suppose."

She paused mischievously for the mere pleasure of regarding his look of frank disappointment; also to observe whether it occurred to him to wonder why, with friends so near, she had not called for help.

"But I should be sure," she relented, "to lose my balance and let the wrong foot down."- Dudley brightened perceptibly. "And it's very stony and, I know, would hurt dreadfully. So after all there is just the one way, as I said."

She tilted the lonely boot back and forth on its heel and regarded it pensively. Dudley did likewise. When this had gone on long enough she raised to him an expectant look.

"Yes," he said, almost mournfully; "there only remains for me to help you. I suppose I ought," he continued, while his hand moved again ever so haltingly toward the pocket, then rapidly away from it, "to—to"—

"Oh, pray don't feel any obligation in the matter!" was the hint, with just a bit of ice in the tone.

"To avail myself of the most fortunate opportunity that ever befell an undeserving beggar!" he finished, laughing hilariously as he assisted her to her feet—that is to say, her foot.

Mere words cannot approximate the delight of that trip in the neighboring (much too neighboring) camp. They laughed like children and clutched each other in frantic mirth. And with what exceeding care and deliberateness it was necessary to proceed! The most inoffensive pebble was occasion for a wide detour, in spite of the lamentable fact that it increased the distance. And did the little unshod silken foot so much as caress the ground in its wabbling career Dudley was ready to weep in worshipful contrition. It was almost too much joy to discover in the course of the hysterical conversation that this was Tom Hutton's ranch—dear old Tom that he hadn't seen since the college days—and Cinderella his wife's guest.

But, as all pleasant moments come to an end, so must this, as Cinderella dropped, tired, but still merry, into a chair on the bungalow piazza.

"And then the prince," he said slowly, looking down upon her with compelling eyes, "caused his heralds—no; I think you know what the prince did without my telling you."

"Ah," she cried, her own eyes falling under his scrutiny, "but first you've to find the slipper."

"Yes, first I've to find the slipper. And when it is found I've the advantage of knowing where dwells Cinderella—and that the slipper will fit."

"Which last is yet to be proven!"—resolutely.

"May I put it to the test?" he begged.

"Oh, Faintheart!" she whispered mockingly. "Try and see."

Whereat Dudley began a most peculiar course of behavior. Going quickly around the corner of the cabin, he bumped his head softly several times against the logs, gave himself a violent shake and then strode through the trees to the low rock in the little cleared space at the edge of the bluff. Sitting down, he plunged an empty hand into the deep pocket and brought it out full of a stout brown walking boot of small dimensions.

To his credit he it said that there was self denunciation in his aspect as he sat turning it miserably over and over. Oh, yes; of course he'd had it there all the while. Well, hadn't he tried to let her have it at the very first, and didn't she keep interrupting till he couldn't that is to say, didn't want to? Suppose he was the biggest cad on record, he'd wager no fellow ever had a better excuse! Hang it! What did she have to look at him that way for? How could he deliberately hand the thing over and put an end to the happiest few moments he'd ever spent, or ever expected to spend, for that matter? For surely by this foolishness he'd dished any prospects of further acquaintance about as effectively as possible. Well, anyhow, this was torture; might as well have the confession over with and go off and shoot himself.

In three minutes he was back. The trial trip had taken twenty to navigate. She was waiting and still alone. Oh, yes; rub it in! She might have cared if he hadn't spoiled it all.

"Most eager knight!" she called in greeting. "Was it wings? Nothing else could have taken you down the ravine and up again in this time."

For answer he knelt without a word and put the fateful shoe in place with elaborate care. He would have that privilege before he forfeited her favor forever. Then—

"I found it in the ravine before I climbed up at all," he said abruptly. "It was in my pocket all the while. Now send me away, for I can't go unless you do."

But Cinderella leaned forward to take his remorseful face between two butterfly hands.

"Oh, boy, boy," she cried softly; "most innocent of boys! Did you think I didn't know? I saw you pick it up down below—no, you shall have all the truth; it fell—I let it fall because I saw you!"

Just then Tom Hutton, coming around the corner of the house, decided he could quite as well postpone his errand.

THE STAGE KISS.

It Tests the Genius of the Actor and the Actress.

The stage kiss is important. There is nothing which so tests the genius of an actor and an actress as the ability under just such circumstances to produce the illusion of love. On the stage it is necessary for them to forget their own personalities, to smother their own feelings, one for the other, and in the place of the warped though genuine kiss we see at the railroad station and the steamship wharf present to our eyes by the magic of their acting a highly artificial product.

And this highly artificial product, because it is art and because it is produced by art, impresses us as real and genuine where the actually real and genuine would have filled us only with derision and contempt, just as real tears on the stage would fail to move us. Indeed, the best stage kisses, the kisses that are most convincing in the way of realism, are usually given and received by actors and actresses whose feeling for each other in private life is, to say the least, indifferent. Frequently, if audiences only knew, they watch lovemaking on the stage between men and women who are literally at daggers' points with each other.

I would not go so far as to say that such a state of feeling always contributes to good stage lovemaking and to realistic stage kissing, but I do know that it is an axiomatic truth, recognized by theatrical managers everywhere, not to engage playfolk lovers to enact similar roles in a drama if it is at all possible to get any one else.—Blanche Ring in "The Psychology of the Stage Kiss."

Onion Soup and Fame.

Membership in the French academy, the head for several of Gallic writers, was once closely associated with onion soup. During the restoration in France a club was formed under the title of "Diner de la Soupe a l'Oignon." This organization contained twenty members. It met every three months, when the dinner was opened with an onion soup. The club was to endure until every associate was elected to the academy. This was accomplished in 1845, when the last banquet was held.

FISHERS AND OMENS.

ODD SUPERSTITIONS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Incidents and Persons That Are Considered Unlucky by the Tellers of the Sea—Some Queer Notions That Were Held by the Ancients.

One of the commonest of superstitions among fishermen is the alleged ill luck caused by woman. In the Isle of Skye if a woman crosses the water in course of the fishing the luck is doomed. At Flamborough, England, if a woman happens to enter a cottage when the men are preparing their lines she is not allowed to depart until she has knelt down and repeated the Lord's Prayer. In Lapland the fishermen avoid spreading their captured fish on that part of the shore frequented by women, as the next expedition would be a failure.

On many parts of the coast of England it is considered most unlucky for a woman to walk over the nets or any of the fishing tackle, although women take an active part in collecting bait. Some of the English herring fishermen have an idea that by beating their wives they can draw the fish in. In the Hawaiian Islands after the fishermen have prepared the lau melomelo (a billet of wood used as a decoy) with the proper incantations care is taken that a woman does not step over it or enter the canoe in which it is placed, as in that event the decoy would lose its power, and the kahuna (sorcerer) would have to go through the operation again.

The influence of the unlucky is hardly less adverse than that of women, and the practices noted as connected with the ill omen of feminine interference apply also to the clergy. The herring are said to have all left one part of the Irish coast because they heard the new parson say he was going to tithe the fishery, and in Lapland and on the coasts thereof fish are never looked for where a church is in sight. On the coast of Lancashire, England, the fishermen have a custom of setting sail on Sunday. A clergyman of the town once prayed against this breach of the Lord's day, as he called it; but, to neutralize his prayers, the fishermen made a small image of rags and piously burned the parson in effigy.

The avoidance of the neighborhood of churches referred to is accounted for by the fishermen's belief in the great quickness of hearing of fishes. In Sweden, for instance, the church bells are not rung in the bream season, lest the fish should take fright, and where the pilchard are fished the people are no less careful of their sensitiveness to sound.

The Romans believed that the serrated spine on the tail of the sting ray was so venomous as to be capable of causing injury to even vegetable and mineral substances, trees losing their verdure and even rocks being affected. They also considered it bad luck if a person with a love or lawsuit on hand met a remora (sucking fish) when bathing. Albertus Magnus advised a suitor in a law case to place a perch under his arm and the judge would thereupon become his friend.

When they catch certain species of flat fish the Finns make the sign of the cross. The Irish will not eat the skate, sometimes called the maid, because it is supposed to bear a questionable resemblance to some of the grotesque mediaeval delineations of the Virgin Mary. The Dutch fishermen believe that they can discern the image of the Virgin in each scale of the drum, and the Swedish fishermen believe that the pike turns its head toward the shore on St. Gregory's day, March 12.

The origin of certain species of fishes are to be accounted for in various ways. When the Brittany fishermen happened to catch the lotte they threw them back into the water, as they were supposed to turn into eels. In parts of England eels are supposed to be bred from dew in the months of May and June or in other sections from the hairs of horses or kine which drop into cart ruts or into drinking troughs and springs and these quicken after rain. This latter superstition is widely prevalent in this country. The ancients supposed that eels were engendered of mud or that when tired of living they rubbed themselves against the rocks, and from the detritus issued a new breed, while still others believed they came from the carcasses of animals. Soles, according to the French fishermen, are bred from prawns. The English fishermen think that the pike is begotten by the west wind, while the gudgeon is believed to be generated from the brains of horses.

Burn the teeth of fish you catch, or your luck will be bad next day. Pins found in church make good fish hooks. In Scotland a quarrel on the beach, if blood is drawn, will drive the herring from the coast for the rest of the season. In Sweden stolen tackle is lucky. In north Germany herrings eaten on New Year's day bring luck all the year through. To witness the plunge of a pike before noon was considered an unlucky omen in Bohemia. In New England if you catch a fish you don't care to keep don't throw it back into the water until you have finished. If you throw it in before it will tell all the other fish what you are doing, and no more will bite.

The Hawaiian fishermen sometimes prepare a bait from the flesh of the octopus and the juice from the blossom of the ilima plant. An exact number of flowers is always used, as the fishermen believe that if an odd number were employed the bait would have no power.

Many of the English fishermen will not put to sea if any one mentions a pig while they are baiting their lines. Should they meet a hare on the way to their boats they will give up fishing for the day. In Scotland the salmon is equally nonsensitionable and is alluded to only as So-and-so's fish. Usually it receives for a pseudonym the name of the tax collector of the nearest village, as he is generally the one least liked.

In the Hawaiian Islands when the fishermen are ready to embark they are greatly exasperated should a person come along and stand indolently gazing at them with his hands behind him, as they believe it gives them bad luck.

The ear bones, or otoliths, of the lake drum are often carved as amulets by the negro fishermen and boys of the south and are also prized by the boys of Wisconsin and elsewhere in the west who call them "lucky stones," perhaps in allusion to the fact that they are marked by a figure which resembles the letter L. The New England fishermen carry a lucky bone which they find in the head of the cod fish. It is shell-like and narrow, with a length of three-fourths of an inch. The edge is notched, while the color is a pearly white. Many of them consider it a good plan to carry two bones, as that will make their luck doubly sure, but they both should be from the head of the same fish.

In the Hawaiian Islands the appearance of the uhu, a small flat fish which visits the islands only occasionally, is regarded as a sure precursor of the death of a high chief or one of the royal family.

The ancients supposed that the seal enjoyed immunity from lightning, and among those who borrowed the protection of its skin was the Emperor Augustus, who always wore a belt of seal fur. The idea arose from the fancy that the seal sleeps most profoundly in thunderstorms. The crab was believed by the ancients to grow only during the waxing of the moon, and this is still a current belief, the writer having found it in various parts of this country, particularly in Alaska. This seems to have more foundation than the belief that in thunderstorms lobsters cast their large cutting claws. The brain of the carp was supposed by the ancients to grow and diminish as the moon waxed and waned. Pearls were supposed to be sea dew which the oyster drank in and by some mystic chemistry transformed into gems, which were soft until the sun shone on them, and then they hardened. It was supposed that on cloudy nights the oyster secreted dark pearls and on moonlight nights clear white pearls.

The Japanese fishermen rarely if ever utilize the turtles taken in their nets, but, writing some characters on their backs, turn them loose. It is believed that a turtle so treated will guide the fisherman back to land should he ever be lost at sea.—New York Tribune.

THE LUNACY OF LOVE.

Bulwer Lytton's Letters to His Own "Adored Poodle."

To Miss Louise Dovey, the former friend and the executrix of Lady Lytton, had been confided a packet of 205 letters, representing the correspondence of Bulwer Lytton with Miss Wheeler in the days of their early courtship. Miss Dovey published these with a preface, stating that she took this action in order to vindicate the memory of her dead friend. In what manner the letters could be regarded as a vindication it is difficult to see, though they serve as a remarkable contribution to the literature of epistolary lovemaking. The extravagant absurdity of some of them is almost beyond belief, and two passages may be quoted as illustrative of many others. In the letters Bulwer Lytton addresses Miss Wheeler as "Poodle" and signs himself "Puppy" or "Puppo."

"My Adored Poodle: Many, many thanks for oo darling letter. Me is so happy, me is wagging my tail and putting my ears down. Me is to meet oo tomorrow. O day of days! I cannot tell you how very, very happy you have made me! No, my own love, don't come before 12; but really I shall meet you! Oh, darling of darlings * * * O zoo love of loves, me is ready to leap out of my skin for joy! Adieu. Twenty million kisses.

"And so they dressed my poodle in white and black? O zoo darling! How like a poodle! And had oo oo's bootiful ears curled nicely, and did oo not look so pretty, and did not all the puppy dogs run after oo and tell oo what a darling oo was? Ah! Me sends oo 9,000,000 kisses to be distributed as follows: 500,000 for oo bootiful mouth, 250,000 to oo right eye, 250,000 to oo left eye, 1,000,000 to oo dear neck and the rest to be equally divided between oo arms and hands.

"Ten million more kisses, my own darling, for your letter which is just arrived. It is read, and now before it is answered take the following (marks of kisses). Pray, darling, shall we not kiss prettily tomorrow, darling (d) (o) (r) (l) (i) (n) (g)?

"Adieu, my own Rose, my life of life, very poodle of very poodles, adieu!

"Adieu, oo own idolatrous puppy.

"Ever my dearest, dearest, dearest, fondest, kindest, bootifulest, darlingest, angelest poodle. Oo own puppy."—Lyndon Orr in Bookman.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Experience is a great teacher. So is a real estate boom.

The more a man knows the less he admits to knowing.

All of us can't be in the same boat. If we were, we'd sink it.

Let the other fellow have his way as long as he only wants to talk.

Elections and marriages are just alike. There is nothing the candidate will not promise beforehand.

If you are going to give both barrels, do it like a man—give them to the victim's face and not behind his back.

Nothing makes a man quite so ill natured as to be expected to be grateful for something that does not please him.

There is a great deal said about love at first sight; not much said about the hatred at first offense, which is more sure.—Atchison Globe.

Chickens in the Rain.

On a rainy morning a good deal of wisdom may be learned from the chickens. If it is to be a soggy, rainy, drizzly day all day, the chickens will get out and stand about in the rain with an utterly indifferent manner. They look just as human beings feel, and they keep it up all day. But if the rain is to continue but a few hours the chickens will stay under shelter. They cannot be kept out. They hurry under cover when disturbed and stay there till the fair weather comes, which it does presently. And then they go out and enjoy the sunshine. The chickens know.

She Didn't Sleep Well.

A woman who lives in an inland town, while going to a convention in a distant city, spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever traveled by water. She reached her journey's end extremely fatigued. To a friend who remarked it she replied:

"Yes, I'm tired to death. I don't know that I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my stateroom about how to put the life preserver on, and I thought I understood it, but I guess I didn't. Somehow I couldn't go to sleep with the thing on."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Caustic.

Scene—Train stopping at small roadside station. Irritable Old Gentleman—What on earth do they stop at a station like this for? Objectionable Passenger (alighting)—To allow me to get out. Irritable Old Gentleman—Ah! I see it has its advantages, then?

SPECIAL CUT PRICES CONTINUED

EVEN IF THE BIG ADS ARE CURTAILED FOR THE TIME BEING.

The people like our Clothing and the way we sell it.

This business is run to satify the persons who patronized it; giving them the goods they most desire at prices within their means and disbursing treatment that made the individual feel at home here.

We want you to see special values that others offer as well as ours. Investigate.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

The dealer who dosen't have DUEBER-HAMPDEN WATCHES may tell you they are not the best. He wants to sell what he has—it's human nature.

Before buying, ask the dealer who has them.

M. L. ARMSTRONG

AND

M. E. KERR

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

W. A. Grinard

Successor to Geo. L. Smith & Co.

AUTO GARAGE

Repairing and Building in all its branches.

AUTO ACCESSORIES

Long Distance Phone 293, at Garage Night Call 887

257 N. Union St. Olean, N. Y.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW

Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.

Hamlin & Forrest

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. F. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 137 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.

—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—

Office in Drug Store.

Calls answered promptly day or night. Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Benninghoff,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,

DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.

F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.

This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

T. H. PURTLE, Prop.

125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,

CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

New Spring Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport. Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.